

BY ELIZA A. OTIS.

He offers to bear all our grief,
He asks we but lay it on Him,
Nor our spirit's bright record be dim
Through sinful and black unbelief.
Can we bring for His glory a sheaf
In life's harvest, like just trusting Him?

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

1. There is no mention of the second advent of Christ before the thousand years. The chapter opens with the vision of an angel descending from heaven with a chain in his hand. The angel can never be proved to be Christ. Says Alford: "Angelos, in this book is an angel; never our Lord." The far in the Apocalypse there is not the slightest intimation that He has made His second advent in visible form. Chapter 19: 11-21. He was against the beast, and the kings of the earth and their armies; but the assumption that this is a literal battle fought on the earth by Jesus in person, riding on a white horse, with a sharp sword going out of His mouth, is a literalism which cannot be endured, besides being a begging of the very question in dispute. John saw the things in the opened heaven, and he saw "the armies which were in heaven." The Scriptures are unanimous in making

aim at a martyr's death and the resurrection of the beheaded. (Phil. 3: 10, 11.) "On such the second death hath no power." The dying of these martyrs, in a manner so heroic, utterly vanquished the mighty enemy. An early restoration from the dominion of death, suffered prematurely for Christ, is an eminently appropriate reward: "Holy and blessed is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

We believe that it is the general judgment of the race described in Matthew 25: 31-46, and that "the rest of the dead" include all the human dead, both righteous and wicked, except the martyrs, saints, and that the good and the bad will be raised in the general resurrection and sentenced in the general judgment.

7. We look in vain, in this account of the millennium, or millenniums, for any reference to the Jews as being gathered

These important items are culled from dark prophecies, often violently wrenched from the context, and are fitted together on the pedestal of this chapter of a book which has been an inexplicable enigma to the scholarship of all the Christian ages. This style of interpretation may be satisfactory and convincing to those who accept imagery for doctrine, symbol for substance, and rhetoric for logic; but there are Christian minds which have an unconquerable aversion to stitching together selections from the symbology of the prophets, literalizing the whole patchwork, and holding it up to the world as God's truth. Yet this is what the pre-millennialists are perpetually doing. They cannot help it, say Confucius.

FEATHERS FROM A FLYING WING.

—

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

Thence through sparsely-settled country, rough, woody, open, all sorts, through Richville and Sleepersville, or their equivalents — cheap memorials of large endowments — we entered in the middle of the afternoon

THE INDIAN NATION, for so this region is called, not, as in common talk, the Indian Territory. The territorial word and idea they shrink from. Here we learned why the Sedalia route, which we had left to the north, had the advantage of the one on which we came. It seemed that Congress gave immense land grants—sixty miles wide, it is said—to the railroad that should first enter this territory through its entire length of some three hundred miles. Two roads rushed for the unlawful prize—unlawful, because

The entrance to the territory was most noticeable. A Western tourist describes his exit from Little Kansas as if one side of Fourth Street, Cincinnati, which is the Washington Street, or Broadway, of that city, was as compact and busy as now, even at this Christmas crush, and the other was a perfect wilderness without inhabitant. So great was the change from cabins, fence, farms, flocks, and herds, a village every five, or, at the most, every ten miles, with churches, school-houses, stores and saloons, even to a wide, rolling, rich and grassy desert, seemingly as without inhabitant as when first discovered. So it seemed in passing into it. Missouri, of course, is not as finished up as Kansas, which the Western author, Mr. Beadle, entered. It started wrong, and therefore, though thirty-four years ahead in organization (1820 and 1854 are the memorable data of our national fall and rising again), it is twice and three times behind in development. Yet Missouri, as compared with the Indian Nation, so far as visible to railroad eyes in a thousand years ahead—saloons excepted. It is civilization in the germ, in the rough, work-

We rush forward into the glowing wilderness. Paths of corn and wheat appear, said to be rented by white men over the border. These soon disappear, and prairie, forest, stream and openings replace each other in swift succession, without inhabitation. No ten-mile depot now, recurring with the regularity of the clock; no village, or church; not even a whistle den breaks the grey desolation. The cool winds had dropped the leaves and trined the grass to whiteness and ripeness. It was "a grey and melancholy walk" though green in its season and capable of civilizing perfection.

After thirty miles of such rich empiness, we drew up at Vinela, where the Missouri and Texas crosses the road we were on, or rather, where this road connects with the state stops, while the goes straight through to the regions below. This station has, therefore, especial importance. It is within the boundaries of the Cherokee nation, the most civilized of all. It has a store or two, a post-office, a church, and half a dozen houses. At the depot were white and red men, and all shades between. The whitest man I saw was a Cherokee chief, Mr. John Ross, son of the original chief, famous in the days of Gen. Jackson. He was waiting for the Congressional Committee that was expected there the next day. He conversed easily and elegantly, and was evidently of fine culture. He was anxious about the coming of to committee, and deprecated the intervention of Congress in their affairs, and believed intervention would result in their destruction. He said the Indians had everywhere else disappeared before such incoming of the white man. They would now.

"But," he asked, "how can you allow those hundreds of acres to lie uncultivated? Won't the fee-simple to your farms be a sufficient protection to the industrious Indian?" He replied that the best part of the land is occupied already. The timber that lines the banks of the rivers is full of them. He doubted if they could long hold their title against the keenness and greed of the white man. He invited me to visit the council, now in session at their capital, eighty miles away; said they had two flourishing seminaries in their tribe; and wished me also

visit his home at Fort Gibson. I was told that he had an elegant farm of a thousand acres, with fine residence. A Moravian missionary spoke well of his congregation. A white man had a quarter section near by. I asked him how he got possession of it. "My wife is a Cherokee," he replied. "about his hundred and sixty acres, he had a quarter of a mile for grazing and pasturage. That is the law. Only no man has a perpetual title. It is all in common really. I found that all were of the same opinion as Mr. Ross. Some of the chiefs favored distribution to settlers. It is an open question among themselves. For good and evil, we will have to be tried. The English or American system of treating the Indian as a foreigner on his own soil, will have to be exchanged to the French or Canadian idea of making him a citizen of the Nation. If the Indian nations are made into a Territory, with equal rights to all, with the sections given to actual settlers, of any color, with equal obligations upon all, in this vast, fertile wilderness will be full of homes, and Kansas move its line down to Texas, and then to the Gulf.

We rode all night-fall without sign of village, stopping only to wood and water, then till nearly nine o'clock, when we eat a nice supper at a railroad eating-house; no settlement is here. We rushed steadily all the night till four in the morning, never resting to take on or put off an inhabitant or a visitor; twelve hours from Vineta, where anywhere else in the West we should have stopped at more than twenty villages, in the East at forty. Wilderness! wilderness! and that only.

At four we crossed the Red River, the southern boundary of the Nation, and at a few moments were in Kansas again, this time called Texas, but Northern in name and nation—the town of

DENISON. This Yankee settlement is located three miles from the northern boundary of Texas, and the southern of the Indian Nation. It owes its origin and name to a Wilbraham boy, brother of Dr. Denison, of Kansas, well known to all New England Methodists. When that Kansas road rushed into the Indian Nation a half a day, or half an hour, before its Missouri rival, it bore, as it were, on the steel point of its cow-catcher plow, my old Wilbraham acquaintance, Rev. W. Denison. The other road had Yankee Methodists in the corporation, but this had one of that blood at the front. That, perhaps, is why it won. As it emerged three hundred miles below upon the plains of Texas, this leader got off, and like the first wanderer, in this respect only, he buddled himself a city.

Denison, a town of six years' growth, is not unworthy of her rank as the first town built in the South by the Northmen of this generation. It is the first line of forts planted in the South-land, equipped with all the new civilization, for the reduction of all that land to Christ.

It is a live Kansas town, having long, wide streets, its ten-footers waiting for one hundred and fifty dollars a month, its Square crowded with teams dragging cotton to market for sometimes a hundred miles. It has a cotton compress, which squeezes the old cotton bale into a quarter of its old dimensions, and which thus presses a hundred thousand bales in a year. It is a cattle centre, where scores of thousands of Texas cattle go north and east, many of them direct to Liverpool. It is selling its blocks with great rapidity and cheapness—a hundred dollars buying a ten-acre block. It has the first free school building erected in the State—a fine brick structure that would do honor to any place of like size in the North. It has a free school system in active operation the year round, the only town in the State that has such a system.

It is especially fortunate in our Churoh. A very pretty, white, brick edifice, of a romantic style and architecture, sits on a slightly corner, as pretty a house within and without as I have seen anywhere. So we are properly planted in the centre of the first Yankee city of Texas. R. v. M. H. Dougherty, of Michigan, inaugurated and successfully completed this enterprise. He has now undertaken a bigger work in San Antonio, only six hundred miles from this point, and still far from the western boundary of this vast commonwealth. This first town of Texas has some other Northern peculiarities. Here, only, in this land have I seen a stove in the sitting-room, and the doors closed. True Texas life is a fire at one end of the room, and an open door at the other. Here, close stove and closed doors are the order for December, though the long intervals between storm and storm allow the fires to go down and the doors to be opened for the greater part of the time; and even the cold hardly needs a stove, the thermometer on this raw morning marking 72 degrees. Whoever wants to strike friends and farms and home institutions in a genial climate

and rich soil, let him write to Mr. A. Collins, Land Agent at Denison, on of a missionary, and a Methodist preacher, and son-in-law, also, of the latter, and he will receive honest and honorable answers.

We have only touched Texas, and must stop.

BY MARY MORRISON

A slouched hat, faded trousers and coat, both ill-fitting and torn, half-worn boots — worn, perhaps, in a good man's service — a dull, spiritless face, and a shuffling gait. We all recognize the picture. What is the tramp's occupation? Forever asking, ever living on the bounty of others. Food, clothing, and lodging without labor — this is his creed.

As we are looking at him in pity and contempt, a working man passes him. His clothes are worn and ill fitting, too. But his step, though slower after his day's work, is firm and regular, and his eyes are full of light, as he sets down his dinner-pail and takes in the firm the rosy-cheeked boy who has come to meet him. Home! Rest! Blessed recompense for labor!

Thinking with shame of the one specimen of humanity, and with pleasure of the other, a wider picture than the narrow country road comes before my eyes: The Church of God, the heavenly home, the labor, the eternal rest!

While rejoicing that the laborer's life is mine in a worldly way, there comes to me the question, What is my position in that heavenly strait and narrow road? Am I sure that I am not "only a tramp" there?

How is it every morning and evening? Am I not constantly asking benefits—food, clothing and lodging—for no labor? And more than this, am I not audaciously looking for a mansion, rest in the golden city, a home built on the gleaming amethyst, the music of angelic hosts, the presence of the King?

And why do I, lazily seeking only my own comfort, and that of those I love, expect this rich overflow of blessing? They tell me it is the reward of the redeemed; but why should I have a reward for that? Christ has redeemed me! Then they tell me it is because I have accepted Him as the propitiation for my sins. Does that entitle me to a reward? Some tell me

But perhaps my prayers are not only for comforts and luxuries; perhaps I am not a tramp spiritually; but do my small, weak efforts begin to entitle me even to all the blessings that are heaped upon me here in this earth? Then can I expect heaven itself in addition?

I hide my face in shame, 'although
have not all the time, like the tramp
received everything and returned no
labor; yet I cannot claim the working
man's reward, who has toiled early and
late, and who wipes the sweat from his
brow as he enters his home!

Lord, have mercy upon us! We have not even done all that it was our duty to do. We are unprofitable servants, but there is yet opportunity. Show us Thy will! Let us labor every day in Thy kingdom, and when the clock strikes the closing hour of work, O take us home to Thee, by Thy free grace! Free grace! Abounding love! Mercy without a parallel!

"Love, rest, and home,
Lord, tarry not, but come!"

But first, "Lord, what wilt Thou have
me to do?"

LETTER FROM FRANCE.

The actual state of the French mind towards religious matters is very critical, and the future does not seem too clear and so hopeful as many English and American Christians would like to see it. The downfall of popish influence is very visible, but at the same time anti-religious ideas are at a very low ebb indeed; and whilst it is easy to get a hearing for attacks against popery, even for good religious talk such as is given at Mr. MacAll's meetings in Paris it is always found difficult to reach the conscience and bring Catholic Frenchmen to experience religion.

These thoughts have been revised I think by a new book from M. Fonillade, professor in the *École Normale Supérieure*. This gentleman is a leader among French thinkers, and his situation gives him immense influence; for out of the *École Normale* come all the professors for the highest class of government colleges, and those of them who give up public teaching are sure to find their way to the front ranks of our newspaper writers. And so, everything that comes from a quarter like this deserves the highest consideration. It is not on account of its own value, but at least as a sign of the times—one of the features, good or bad, of the present mind and thought.

The title of the book is: "The Modern Idea of Right in Germany, England and France." The author discusses the

German edification, "might is right," in Hegelian philosophical aspects, as given by Hegel and the Pantheistic school; then the utilitarian philosophy of Bentham and Stuart Mill; but, of course, spends the best thoughts in praising the French school of thinkers who, after Rousseau and the leaders of the French Revolution take for the basis of right the abstract ideas of liberty inherent in the very essence of man. If this were the place, it would be interesting to show how the author gives up the spiritualistic doctrines of Victor Cousin and Jules Simondon, to have himself reigned supreme in the French University. It gives up as philosophically unnecessary, and incapable of proof, the doctrine of a personal God and the immortality of the soul; and thus breaks down the last barrier that kept the educated French mind from the materialistic positivism taught among others in the newspaper of M. Gambetta—*La République Française*.

But that interesting part of the book for general readers is all summed up in one page that I shall put before you now. It deserves careful consideration, and will raise many painful thoughts, and I trust, many a prayer for France. M. Foulleux says: "The worship of liberty and justice, together with faith in their future triumph, is so highly developed in France that it tends to erase every other worship. The only religion which is truly alive and deep in France, is the religion of modern right and Reason, which is the religion of the people who call 'democratic religion'; and it is certain that it had, in its origin, like all others, its mystics and fanatics. Nevertheless, it presents this original trait that it implies no supernaturalism: the idea of the supernatural is weaker in France than anywhere else, for among those who cling to it, it is nothing but superstition, and it is an error in the eyes of the rest. As to revealed religion, we believe everything or nothing." [The American reader must note that for a Catholic to believe is not to be persuaded, but to submit to the authority of the Church; hence the fallacies of a *laïque* that follows.] The French people will not, therefore, abjure Catholicism to become Protestant, as some philosophers (for instance, M. Renouvier) invite them to do now-a-days. We will not reject Christianity to attain to the universality of Jesus, we will not reject that we are Christians when we are philosophers. If Voltaire tries to push down the altar, he does not, at least try to make believe, like German theologists, that he intends to build it up again.

"With us, theological unbelief is not as in German systems, made with doubt and treble secret drawers. We are frank with ourselves and with others. Voltaire, like Bolleau and Moliere, calls a cat, a cat, and an hypocrite an hypocrite, without circumlocution, periphrases, hyperboles or symbols. That is a proof of a free and logical mind. I, who seek side-issues, and surround myself with clouds, is not absolutely independent, even when he pretends to act independently; he is not logical, if he admits a principle while he rejects the necessary consequence. And France is the native land of free-thinkers. That word, which expresses so well the independency of thought, is, thoroughly French, and so is the thing."

itself. And we are not speaking on-
ly of professional thinkers, philosophers
and scientists, or people of high in-
tellectual culture; we speak of the masses
of workmen, and even of peasants
in Germany, especially in Prussia—mil-
lions of them, and bigoted—in England, in the
United States, the people feel no need
to change their religion or to reject
religion; they continue to read their Bibles,
to keep the Sabbath, to sing hymns
without ever putting to their consciences
this frank and direct question: 'Am I
Christian, yes or no? Have I the right
yes or nay, to go to church as a
believer?' (Thank God, we know that
be false! M. Fouillee evidently knows
very little of Protestantism.) In France
the world has the almost unique spec-
imen of a nation whose generality is
the main, free-thinking. Unique, also,
in history is that great political and so-
cial movement accomplished by the
masses of a nation in the French Revolu-
tion, under the influence of a purely
moral and juridical idea without ad-
mixture of religious ideas, and, in
fact, against every religious idea. Since
then, morality has remained with
practically independent of religion.
[And to a large extent independent
of all moral rules;] and so is our
public right, and so our political
life. Therefore in no country is the influence
of religious traditions so restricted as
in general legislation; our laws in the
generality are neither Catholic nor Pro-
testant; the rights of man are consid-
ered as purely human, and in nowise
divine or theocratic. [That absence of
any religious faith, say, even a weak
one, is a very important factor in the
place it has taken by another faith,
faith in the right, in fraternity, in pro-
gress. Is not that, also, a power

The value of such sayings is that with all their fallacies and flaws, they represent most clearly the feelings of the large majority of the French people. No words could better paint their aspirations. They intend to be neither Catholic nor Protestant, but free-thinkers. The main difficulty of evangelization in France lies just there.

M. GALLIENNE,
Saint-Pierre-les-Calais.

Miscellaneous.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S FOURTH LECTURE.
INDIRECT PREPARATION FOR THE PULPIT.

Every work of importance demands preparation. As preaching is the most exalted duty which can be performed, it demands the best qualification. A few claim that the minister should speak without preparation, and that our Lord meant as much when He said: "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you." This direction was given only to those who were brought before magistrates, and to those who were miraculously endowed to speak. Hence at the present day it is applicable only to those who can claim miraculous power, or those who are called before authorities to answer for their words. I would not depreciate the Holy Spirit's aid in preaching, but it has its analogy in other works. The farmer, the physician, and every other worker, has to use the means for the securing of his ends, and then look to God for the desired result.

Strictly speaking, extemporaneous preaching is impossible. The minister may select his text, and rely on his imagination and other mental powers for the occasion, but he uses the memory and the words which have served him from childhood; his modes of expression are not new; and his composition is for the most part a compound of thoughts which have passed through other minds.

The Lord said to His disciples: "He that is of the Spirit—shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance." When Christ sent them forth He gave them their sermon: "Go thou and preach the kingdom of God." It was a short sermon, but it stirred the hearts of men. In giving them their great commission, He said: "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. . . . to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The apostle charges Timothy: "Till I come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine." And again: "If any man teach otherwise, and consent not to wholesome words, even the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness, he is proud, knowing nothing."

The preparation for the pulpit may be direct or indirect. The direct applies to the preparation of the sermon for immediate use. I am to speak of the indirect preparation. "Preach the Word," was the injunction of St. Paul to Timothy. This is the one thing which we should preach. He adds: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." He also congratulates his pupil: "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

The minister must study the Word diligently that he may be able to teach it to others. He must so examine each book as to be imbued with the spirit of the writer, and so as to make the unity of the Scriptures appear one bright, beautiful light to shine upon the pathway of man. You should study commentaries and works on the manners and customs of the ancient times, and on the geography and topography of the Holy Land. I shall not detain you to recite the names of the different authors on these subjects.

I recommend that your chief attention be given to the Word itself, to the illustration of Scripture by Scripture. A ready knowledge of Scripture language will be of great worth to you, and in it you will find your best illustrations. Its literature surpasses all others; its poetry is of matchless beauty. The preacher who quotes much of the Bible will have authority, and can hardly work without faith, while the words of men may be fruitless. There is a power in the Word of God which we cannot explain. When the Israelites came to the Red Sea, the rod which Moses lifted above the waters was like other rods. When Elisha smote the river, the cloth he used was like other cloths, but there was power in the words spoken. When Jesus spoke to the winds and the waves, there was nothing remarkable in the mere words, but there was power in them which was beyond them. You remember how the seventy came back amazed at the results of their words. It was because they spoke Jesus' words, and you are to follow their example. The most eminent preachers have been remarkable for their use of God's Word in discourse. What a charm and power reside in the immortal work of Bunyan. We have South, and Wesley, and Edwards, and many undying names, but they are studied only by the few, while Bunyan is a universal favorite, because he is full of Scripture language and imagery. Said one who attained greatness: "The Bible and Shakespeare made me Bishop of York."

Let me caution you against underrating any portion of Holy Scripture. The Old Testament is as much a part of God's Word as the New. Everywhere you will find rich mines of truth cropping out. May I illustrate by an incident from my own reading and experience? Being a Bible reader from my childhood, I was surprised at the evil things, setting forth the dark spots in some of the most exalted characters, and thought they might better have been omitted. When I asked my

teachers the reason for it, they said it was to show the truthfulness of the record. But I was not satisfied. Again I was told that these incidents in the lives of Noah, and Judah, and David, and Solomon were that the wonderful mercies of God might be exhibited. This gave me more comfort, but was not satisfactory. At length it occurred to me that these incidents were narrated of the ancestors of Christ, while the faults of others were omitted. This opened a new train of thought. The Roman Catholic would have me believe in the Immaculate Conception; but here I am taught that Jesus descended from men no better than other men, from those who were weak and sinful like myself; that, though human, He has been exalted to the highest heaven. What if I have sinful tendencies, can they keep me from eternal joy? No, no! "What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." This view has ever seemed to bring the Saviour nearer to me, and helped me to believe that "He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities." How logically and beautifully grows out of this thought the exhortation: "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." This is but an illustration of how you may use the Bible.

The same thought leads me to Peter and Judas. I am not glad that they fell, but I am glad that we have the story of their sins. It shows that the failure of one or two cannot overthrow the Church, and that even I, if erring, may be brought back. I remember, when a young man, how a case of scandal occurred, which made my heart bleed for the cause of God; but when I recalled the fact that one of the twelve was a traitor, and that fifty days after the dreadful deed three thousand converts were added to the Church, I was comforted. I believe there is no part of Scripture that may not be made profitable to the human mind.

Accept no theory of inspiration which diminishes your respect for the Bible. It is all the Word of God. Romanists are in advance of Protestants in this respect. I heard Cardinal Manning, in London, whose words illustrated what I am saying. Gen. Grant replied to one who referred to the fact that a certain Senator did not believe the Bible: "Why should he? He did not write it." Some men dissect the Book, and accept only what they please.

The Bible is adapted to all classes of men, and is consulted to-day for chronology, for history, and for instruction of various kinds. Each can find something in it for himself, and you are to search its pages to find something for each mind. It is an armory from which the Christian soldier can draw; the volume of orders for ourselves personally and for our congregations, for today and to-morrow. The New Testament is peculiar for its precious promises. Everywhere the illustrations in the Old Testament are drawn out in New. The Bible is a unit. There are golden threads running all through the whole work. There are clasps which enclose both Genesis and Revelation, and make them one. Take that passage that begins the gospel of John: "In the beginning was the Word." What was that Word? To me it points to the creation of the world, and the garden of Eden, whose gates were closed against the transgressors. One word of heaven was spoken to the world: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." Without that word, earth would have been without comfort. When Cain was given to Eve, she exclaimed: "I have gotten the man from the Lord;" meaning the promised deliverer. Child after child was born; generation succeeded generation; society grew worse and worse, and no Redeemer came; but that promise of hope was not forgotten. It was handed down as the ages rolled on. Enoch prophesied, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints." Glimpes were ever and anon seen of the coming Saviour. In the counsels of eternity we hear Him saying: "Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God!" The thought filled the minds of the apostles. How delightedly, after His ascension, does one record: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." This was the Word announced to the shepherds as good tidings to all people; and "suddenly there was with the angels a multitude [not of angels] of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will toward men.'" I have fancied that as Miriam led the songs of the triumphant Israelites, so Eve led this jubilation "heavenly host." In the Revelation this congregated multitude again appears, and as with the voice of many waters and the voice of mighty thunderings, He is called "Faithful and True. . . . And He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and His name is called the Word of God."

In addition to the study of the Holy Scriptures, we should have clear convictions as to their leading doctrines, and be so independent of thought as to examine every creed for ourselves. The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the standard of our faith and practice. Give due regard to the opinions of wise men, and to those systems of theology which they have formulated. Some think a doctrine is wrong, if old, and feeling themselves fitted for reformers,

venture out into unexplored paths. Their teachings you may forget, or never know. They are but the drift-wood on the stream. In theology there can be no new doctrine, though unperceived meanings may be discovered in the Word of God. Still I would not discourage investigation.

I have nothing to say as to the system of doctrines which you are to believe. Find the truth, and then believe it with all your hearts. Unless you have firm convictions as to what the Scriptures teach, you are not fit for teachers. Do not stand in the pulpit and express doubts. Christ and His disciples never uttered a doubt. You owe it to your congregations to have clear convictions of truth, for without these your powers will be frittered away. Where there is doubt, there is weakness and hesitation.

Among the doctrines which should be presented most sharply, is the divinity of Christ. I pass by the attributes of God, which are universally accepted, though they should be occasionally preached. The history of the Church shows that the men who moved the world, drew their power from this doctrine. It is the inspiring doctrine of all ages. It was on the confession of His divinity that He said His Church should stand. He taught His disciples to call Him "Master and Lord," and the true Church stands in the same attitude.

I do not advise you to spend your strength on questions of subtlety. I rest solely on the Word of God as the foundation of my faith. The depravity of the human heart, and that to man thus sunk in guilt a Saviour is preached—these are to me the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel. On these every preacher should gather such proofs as will carry conviction to the minds of men.

Do not avoid doctrinal preaching. Says Paul to Timothy: "Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, but. . . shall be turned unto fables." The disposition to avoid Scriptural doctrines leads to foolish questions. Prominent among these doctrinal teachings must be the influence of the Holy Spirit, the Agent of justification and of sanctification; and the doctrines of immortality, and rewards and punishments.

The study of Church history is of great benefit to the student. I wish there was a Church history which truly set forth the life of the Church of Christ. Published sermons should be read to find inspiration for your minds, but not to be stolen. Confine yourselves to the great masters of preaching. Their materials should be thoroughly digested in your minds; then if your thoughts are made rich from theirs, it is not plagiarism.

Use scrap-books and commonplace books for preserving whatever you find that is valuable to you. In reading it is well to have the pen in hand to preserve all thoughts which your author suggests to your own minds.

The pen should be freely used. Facility in writing is useful. Write well and much, and first write much. Write first, and trim afterwards. Write rapidly. Write much, if you only write letters, or for the press. Occasionally write sermons for accuracy and fullness of style.

Study not exclusively theology, but have to do with all science. Mental philosophy should be a constant study. Study nature in all her phases. Intermeddle with all learning. Referring to myself again, I loved reading. All my studies of modern languages have come to my aid as I have presided over Conferences in foreign lands. In keeping abreast of the movements of the day, spend not too much time on the daily papers and magazines. Like the bee, the minister should know how to select the honey from every flower. In scientific and theological reviews there are articles which he should study. The times breathe a free spirit, and the minister must not unfrequently grapple with specious forms of error. The more thoroughly his people find him posted in the knowledge and thoughts which concern themselves, the more will he draw men to the Saviour.

Morality and natural religion should not be the great themes of the preacher. These have not power to change the heart. He who preaches himself degrades the pulpit. The great question to present is: "What think ye of Christ?" When John sent his disciples to ask Christ, "Art thou He that should come?" He pointed to His works as evidence of His character. Every sermon should lead to Christ. What magnificent topics has the preacher to study and present! Man's responsibility and destiny, his conflict with evil, his resurrection and immortality, his ability to dwell beside the throne of God forever, or, rejecting Christ, his exposure to eternal banishment from God and the glory of His power—what themes are these! How pitiable it is to hear leaders of thought say that they do not know whether these grand things are true or not. And not only must these various topics of preaching be studied, but their relation to each other must be settled.

If you are true preachers, your preaching will take effect. Conscience will be awakened, and men will be saved; but some will object, and say: "Prophecy smooth things." The law must be preached, and must be followed by the Gospel. There are many preachers who delight to dwell on the love of God. This is well, but we must go beyond this, and rebuke the sins of men. A Gospel without this is an edifice reared on the sand. But the law without the Gospel is dark and hope-

less. The two combined produce "charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned."

[The next lecture will be on the "Preparation of the Sermon."]
New Haven. W. T. H.

INFANT BAPTISM.

BY REV. A. SARGENT.

SECOND PAPER.

Having shown in a previous paper the authority for the baptism of young children, both as a duty and a privilege, I wish now to call attention to the position of the baptized child to the Church, and the duty of the Church and the parents of the children thus baptized.

First of all, we say that they are members of the kingdom of God, according to the words of Jesus Christ, our Lord, who said, "Of such is the kingdom of God." Hence they are proper subjects for baptism, and by baptism they are placed in covenant relation to God and to the Church. They should, therefore, be instructed both by the Church and their parents in a course of religious training, that they may understand, as soon as their years will allow the obligation they are under to conform to the Word of God. Their names should be registered on the Church records, with the date of their birth, baptism, parentage, and place of residence, and at the age of ten years, or younger, they should be organized into classes, with suitable leaders (male or female) who should meet them weekly, and teach them the nature, design and obligations of holy baptism, and the truths of religion necessary to make them wise unto salvation, exhorting and encouraging them to attend regularly the means of grace; and when they give evidence of piety, they should be received into full membership in the Church.

All this is provided for in the Discipline of the Church (See pages 38, 39, 40 of the Discipline of the M. E. Church, 1876). The parents should not neglect their duty. They should teach the children, first, the fact of their baptism, and then of the relation in which they stand to God and the Church, and the rights and privileges to which they are entitled, in order that they may show early piety and become established Christians. No more dignified and important work can be done in the Church than leading children to God, and up into true Christian service. I am convinced that the children are greatly neglected by parents, pastors, and the Church, else we should see more children at the altar for holy baptism. The indifference of the parents, the carelessness of the young, is a sad state of things.

The whole Church should take pains to broaden its sympathies, and make an intelligent and judicious use of an new departure in the way of Christian activity. The second Sabbath in June should witness the baptism of hundreds and thousands of children in the M. E. Church, all placed in covenant relation to God.

Correspondence.

FROM NEW YORK.

The commercial metropolis of the nation shows gratifying proof of the general revival of business. Hereabouts are brisk, cheery and hopeful. Few signs of hard times appear on the surface. The stores are full of happy, energetic purchasers. Not many complaints of destitution and suffering are heard. True, the winter is only in its earliest stage, and so far has been exceptionally mild and gentle.

There are two almost infallible indications of returning prosperity in New York that escape the notice of superficial observers. The first is the largeness of advertising; the second, the shrewd activity of real estate speculators. Some advertising agents report more than the double patronage of two years ago. The real estate operators who have survived the continuous and protracted depression in which so many of their number committed suicide, are quietly pushing down prices to the lowest figures, and the purchasing all they can conveniently, or conveniently carrying. The immense amount of capital hitherto locked up in trust companies and banks is finding a large outlet in this direction.

The elevated railroad do not add to the beauty of the city, but do increase its comfort, accessibility and resources. They are rapidly approaching completion, and will soon fill up the northern section of Manhattan Island and the southern half of Westchester county. New Jersey is humorously said to have been outside the United States at one time; between the State of Camden and Amboy, legislators evinced more practical wisdom than did those of the Empire State. The laws regulating financial transactions, and the laws governing the ownership of real estate, all drew large numbers of business men from New York thither for private residences. It was doubtless a very propitious thing in the days immediately following the Revolution to prohibit aliens from owning real estate in New York. The necessity for such a law ceased long ago. New Jersey either never had a similar one, or else was discreet enough to repeal it when it ceased to be of service. At any rate, foreigners can own real estate there, and can exercise all the rights of ownership, subject to the State and the national Constitution. The result has been that aliens have flocked thither, and New Jersey has prospered at New York's expense.

New York is paying more attention to beneficial legislation now than she has done for some years. Her maritime advantages are superlative. In addition, she had the shrewdness, foresight, and prudence of Boston, her commercial supremacy would remain undisputed for ages.

Religious enterprises, too, are in an improving condition. The New York City Mission and Church Extension Society of the M. E. Church has about paid off its floating debt of \$20,000. The legacy of \$10,000 left by Miss Danvers, and that of \$1000 bequeathed by Henry J. Baker, have been materially

to this result. A bonded debt of \$120,000, or thereabouts, remains on the property owned by the corporation. The debt is large, but so is the property on which it rests. May the incoming wave of economic prosperity sweep every vestige of debt away! Debt and the devil are different things, but are almost equally hateful. Happy is he who has nothing to do with either of them!

The president of this admirable society, John B. Cornell, esq., is thoroughly in earnest, and thoroughly at ease, whether presiding at its sessions, watching its operations, participating in its public meetings, helping to pay its expenses, or directing the business of his vast manufacturing works, where thirty tons of iron per day have lately been converted into bars of elevated railroads, etc., by the labors of twelve hundred men. New York has no citizen, of industrial or religious distinction, whose mark is more distinctly impressed upon it than that of John B. Cornell. The Attorney Street Church, once owned by the Protestant Methodists, and sold by them to the City Mission Society, to be used for the colored people, is now used for the white population. The former did not need it, the latter did. The former have fully twice the church accommodation, in proportion to their numbers in New York, that the latter have. The church is now well-attended, and the worshippers are blessed with constant and copious outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

The new Broadway of the Book Concern, at 385 B. Broadway, is worth a visit. Of its kind, it has no superior, perhaps. Crowds of customers patronize it. The time will come when it will be elevated to the ground-floor of the splendid building. That would be in tasteful keeping with the character and mission of the Church. However, it is well to wait until the Church can afford the elevation. The old Scotch merchant who had acquired wealth, and whose son had miserably failed in business, said that the reason was that he began with a crust and ended with a chuckle, while his son began with the chuckle and ended with the crust. "Pay as you go," is a pithy aphorism, worth a volume of speculative political economy. "Don't shut until you are out of the woods," is another piece of advice crumpled off worldly wisdom. The Book Concern is doing excellently. The new hymnal receives great praise, whereas the revisers are quietly joyful. Dr. Fowler and Dr. Pay toll efficiently as the Christian Advocate. Dr. Watson will find that the Princeton Review, cheap and first-class as it is, will only enhance the demand for the Methodist Quarterly, which for clerical and religious purposes, is far superior to it. The venerable, but sprightly and youthful warrior, Daniel Curry, crowds his National Repository with all good things, and fully exhibits his weighty claims to the patronage of all Methodist families—and of many that are not Methodist.

Sickness and death do their dreadful work among us as of yore. Rev. Dr. W. P. Abbott survives still, and it is hoped will speedily and wholly recover. All who know him will pray fervently for his restoration. [The tidings received last week that the hope was ill-founded.] J. M. Phillips, esq., the Junior Book Agent, mourns sadly the loss—the sudden loss—of one of his sons. The Lord comfort him!

R. W. WHEATLEY.

RELIGION ESSENTIAL IN EDUCATION.

Many who reprobate the narrowness of traditional faith fall into the complementary error of pronouncing all faith unnatural or irrational. A broader and deeper view of things would show the inevitableness of religious faith. It would enlarge their conception of education till it would embrace the nurture and development of the whole constitution of man. Schools are not for the sharpening of intellect alone; nor for moral and religious training alone; nor for exclusive instruction in handicraft. Hands, head and heart—emotions, will and taste—all have righteous demands on the services of education. Religion has as valid rights in schools as logic has, and sacred texts can no more be banished from human regard than the rule of honesty, or the multiplication table. What man is—what man must respect—what man needs to make him satisfied and useful—these education must regard; in these education must give him furniture, and valor, and strength. —Prof. Winchell.

Our Book Table.

In the attractive and very convenient edition of the British Poets, now passing through the press of Houghton, Osgood & Co., we have, in two volumes, THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD. The editor of this series, Prof. Childs, has gathered, from Hood's own account of his literary reminiscences, an interesting sketch of his life and works, and of the men of letters with whom he enjoyed a familiar acquaintance. The editor closes the sketch with the pathetic story of his last years, and a critical estimate of his talents and success, by a writer in the Edinburgh Review. This volume brings the series down into the modern era. These humorous and pathetic songs are familiar to us; the voice of the writer has hardly died away from our hearing, and his popular lyrics are still like household words among the present generation.

In one volume, THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL AND WILLIAM FALCONER are given. The editor gives quite an extended memoir of Campbell, opening with a short biographical sketch written by himself. His life was not a quiet one, but was a struggle in various positions, as a general writer, reviewer, lecturer, Lord Rector of the Glasgow University, etc., to meet the exigencies of his daily life. In his own experience he aptly illustrated one of his chief poems—the Pleasures of Hope. The Life of Falconer is written by Rev. John Milford, giving the incidents of his history and a criticism upon his poetic standing. This series is rapidly procuring its completion, and when finished will have no peer for the private or public library.

From the same house we have JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY: A Memoir, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. 16mo, 278 pp. This is one of the few biographical sketches of which the reader will complain of its shortness. It leaves one hungry for more, as he rises from its perusal at a sitting; for it is a volume that cannot be readily thrown aside until it is completed. It was originally prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, which accounts, in part, for its being so condensed. It is the work of a friend from boyhood, but is wonderfully devoid of eulogy. Dr. Holmes enters fully into the defense of Mr. Motley on the two

occasions, when, as a foreign minister, he was exposed to the criticism of his government, and ably defends the honor and integrity of his friend. We are sorry that a sense of propriety prevented the publication of more of Mr. Motley's nervous and patriotic letters, written to his friends on this side of the Atlantic, when an ambassador in Austria, during the late civil war. The few from which extracts are made make one crave for more. In 1862, when all our military leaders seemed to be at fault, before the declaration of emancipation, Motley affirmed that the "coming man" needed on our side "must be a great strategist, with the soul of that insane lion, mad, old John Brown, in his belly." The volume is an admirable one.

MRS. A. PASTORAL AND OTHER POEMS, by Mabel B. Garrison. Boston: Lee & Shepard. We recollect the young girl that bore the first two volumes, during our University days, when the father kept the familiar city bookstore. Since that time, the wife of a well-known political and literary writer, she has quietly been winning an enviable reputation, as a writer in Harper's Monthly, and now gathers up her stray leaves, with three fresh and quite remarkable poems—the pastoral love-verse giving name to the volume, the very fine tribute to William Cullen Bryant, and the Fantasy, "Not Peace, but the Sword." The book is dedicated to her husband, and is a Garland of real flowers of poetry that he may be both pleased and proud to wear.

Among the beautiful holiday gifts, is THE MASTER AND HIS FRIENDS IN ART AND SONG. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Small quarto, ornamented cover, price \$3.00. Boston: For sale by Lee & Shepard. There are twenty-two finely-executed engravings in this pretty volume, copied from the old masters—the chief scenes in our Lord's life as pictured by Correggio, Raphael, Ortel, etc.; the Lord's Supper by Leonardo da Vinci; and a copy of each apostle's head separate, with poetic descriptions of the illustrations—the whole making a very attractive gift volume.

From Lee & Shepard we have in their series of Young Folks' Heroes of History, THE ADVENTURES AND CONQUESTS OF PIZARRO, by George M. Towle. This is a well-told story of the conquest of Peru. It is one of the best, as it is the most interesting, of volumes for the reading of our youth. Every family where there are boys should have the book.

Claixon, Remsen & Haffelinger publish HOME COMFORTS; or, Things Worth Knowing in Every Household, by Edwin T. Freckley. 12mo, 315 pp., price \$1.50. Boston: For sale by A. Williams & Co. This seems to be really a very handy and useful manual. It answers almost every question relating to domestic economy, household convenience, preparation of food, care of sick, resources in case of accidents, and sanitary provisions. No housekeeper could find of finding much valuable instruction in it.

D. Appleton & Co. publish, in a neat 16mo, SOCIAL ETIQUETTE OF NEW YORK; a very well-prepared manual of the modes, ceremonies and appointments of the best city society. If many of our readers are happily relieved from the bondage of formal social life, they will at least, at times, find it convenient, when about to go among the Romans, to know how the Romans do; and indeed, as all polite society is a unit, no one can fail to find suggestion and instruction in such a handy and well-prepared manual as this.

Mr. Longfellow, in his very popular series of POEMS OF PLACES, has at length reached home. The last two volumes are upon New England, produced by poems and sketches upon America. Our own writers have a large space in these volumes, and the beautiful books have a strong local, as well as general, interest. Houghton, Osgood & Co. Price \$1.00 a volume. From this series very attractive holiday gifts can be readily chosen.

THE MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic for January is fairly abuzz with the best of home talent. It opens with "Aspects of American Life," by Charles Dudley Warner, serious in tone for him, but not so much as to be at all heavy. Goldwin Smith answers the question, "Is Universal Suffrage a Failure?" in the negative. "Workingmen's Wives" is an interesting paper by the anonymous author of "Dangerous Tendencies." Harriet W. Preston's article on "The Latest Song of Chivalry," is literally true to its title, and gives numerous specimens of chivalrous poetry from early English authors. "Our New Neighbors at Ponkapog" is a charming little three-page sketch by T. B. Aldrich, full of delightful humor well concealed until the secret of who the new neighbors are is revealed in the last dozen lines; but we shall not tell. Harriet Beecher Stowe furnishes "A Student's Sea Story." E. G. White provides another paper on "Americanisms" that are not Americanisms at all, but importations. "Round the World at the Paris Exposition" is an interesting résumé of some of the national characteristics displayed. J. T. Trowbridge furnishes a gradual development poem on the subject, "Ancestors." Walter sings "The Dead Feast of the Koi-Folk," founded on a peculiar Indian belief in the visits of the souls of the dead to their loved ones still living. Harriet Prescott Spofford prettily pictures in verse the beauties of "A Birthday" in April. Kate Putnam Osgood, on the other hand, puts into verse the mournful wailing of "An Artist's Model" for the dead artist, who made his canvas reveal to her the pure woman that she might have been. Mr. Howells adds four chapters to his charming story, and G. P. Lathrop contributes a capital New England sketch on "The Pines of Eden." In "Recent Literature" will be found careful notices of some of the best of the recent books for adults and juveniles. We must not omit to call special attention to the premium portrait of James Russell Lowell, a capital likeness, which has received the warmest commendations for its truthfulness from many of his most intimate friends. It is a fitting companion to the Atlantic, portraits, which have preceded it, of Bryant, Longfellow and Whitier. It is life-size and lifelike.

Scribner's begins the new year with a richly-filled number, well suited for reading by the cozy fireside. Frank B. Mayer, in "Old Maryland Manners," brings to our attention the good cheer of old times at the "clubs" and homes of ante-revolutionary days at Annapolis. The next most attractive article, both in text and illustration, is "The Title Club at Work," by W. Mackay Laflin. Clarence Cook shows, in a very readable and interesting paper, the skill of Leonardo da Vinci as an engineer, as well as an artist. Prof. Boyesen's "Falconberg" and Mrs. Burnett's "Haworth's" are two serials of unflagging excellence and interest. "The Mountain Lakes of California," and "At the Old Bull's Head," are two papers with the curiously-effective illustrations that Scribner's has of late presented to the public. What a sad coincidence that perhaps the last poem from the just-deceased poet, Bayard Taylor, should be his "Epicurean" to William Cullen Bryant! It is the earnest tribute of one noble nature calling upon the

natural objects he loved, to mourn the loss of their friend, the old poet. "Bion, the Bold," is a strong poem of the North-land, with a characteristic drawing, by Mary Hall-ock Foster. The editorial departments are well filled.

Sunday Afternoon opens its third volume successfully, and we hope prosperously, as it well deserves. E. E. Hale and S. T. James furnish their respective stories. Rebecca H. Hall Davis contributes an excellent story. Professor George B. Fisher furnishes an instructive essay on the "Vanished Belief in Witchcraft," showing what cruel deeds have been done in the name of religion. Another solid paper is "Socialism in Germany and Russia," by George M. Towle, a writer who seems to be doing plenty of good work of late. Helen Campbell, in her papers on the "Water Street" meetings, is doing noble work in revealing the possibilities of salvation to the uttermost, and showing how the lowest of the vile, in the midst of their wickedness, may be brought into the new life in Christ the Saviour. But we will not particularize the articles in this choice magazine. It is beyond question one of the best for the household that has been published, and should find its place on the home table, even if some more outwardly attractive one has to give place to it.

Though it should come to us under another name, we should not fail to recognize the January Harper's as Harper's, and nothing else. Travel, biography, science, art, and fiction were never more delightfully blended than in this choice number of our old favorite. From the first illustration of "St. George's Dock, Liverpool," to Bellew's characteristic, infantile kettle-drummer, the illustrations, with but enough exceptions to prove our statement, are among the best that Harper has ever presented. The literary matter, too, is above the average. We have England represented in her "Great Sea-Port," and in her agricultural interests; "Rambles in the South of France," by S. G. W. Benjamin in his best vein; "Cloisonné Enamel," by Jennie J. Young, a competent authority; and "Anis," treated of by Mary Treat in a thorough paper. Edward Everett Hale's poem of the "Great Harvest Year," presents this popular author as a successful poet. Forre Crayon, in his homey paper, presents us with "Home," as he knows it in the land of "hog and hominy." Mrs. Gustafson's paper on "Maria del Occidente," is full of interest, and will open the way for the edition of the poetess' works which she is preparing for publication. Harper's still holds its own amidst its rivals.

St. Nicholas comes squarely to the front rank with its superb holiday number. The choice of stories and poems, printed on the best of paper, and beautifully-illustrated by the best artists—what more can be asked for the children than this? "Poems as they are known," in the land of "hog and hominy," by Whittier, Celia Thaxter, Susan Coolidge, and Theodore Winthrop. Stories by Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Dodge, Warner, Julia Hawthorne, Frank Stockton, Margaret Eytling, and a host of others. Illustrations by Fredericks, Addie Ledyard, Kappes, Sol Eytling, J. C. Curtis, etc. All must be of opinion that this is the best number of a juvenile magazine ever issued.

W. B. Aldrich presents, in the January number, the first of the papers on "Our American Artists"—S. G. W. Benjamin on W. H. Beard—with a portrait and two engravings. Ralph Waldo Emerson is the subject of the "Pete Holmes" paper. The drawing of Minerva's bust might pass for any case but Emerson's. The engraving from photograph is better. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney supplies one of her charming stories, and Mrs. Little gives an account of an English cooking school. The rest of the literary matter is not up to the standard of W. B. Aldrich, and save in the papers named above, the illustrations are very poor. Miss Lathrop's poem, "Seven Little Cooks," will please and delight the little ones.

With the December number the Popular Science Monthly Supplement ceased publication. With the new year, the Monthly itself is to be enlarged and improved.

The "Luna of Life," with its January number, enters upon a new year of usefulness, teaching people the laws of health, its preservation, and recovery when lost; the art of simple living, and how to care for and cure the sick without medicine. We have valued its teachings for several years, and found them sensible and valuable in the highest degree. Published at Danville, N. Y.

Lippincott presents a very attractive number for the new year, opening with its customary illustrated sketch of English scenery—"A Yorkshire Byway," by Alfred S. Goss, with some excellent illustrations. This is followed by another admirably illustrated and finely-illustrated sketch of "An Artist's Island," as Dwight Benton calls it, and of "Capri." A third illustrated paper, on "Wild Boars and Boar Hunting," is a reasonable Christmas-tide, and has some excellent drawings. There is a thrillsome sketch of the "Two Sieges of Paris," reading the descriptions of a "Western Town," and a "Trip to Newfoundland," continued in the next number. The sketch of "An Artist's Island," is a biographical sketch of the life of H. Hooper, of Madame Dubarry, and a very pleasing poetry. The prospectus of the new year shows that the publishers are fully aware to the necessities of a popular magazine.

To January Nursery opens its fifth volume, one of its favorite of the children, and opens it, too, in a brilliant manner. "How great" will be the exclamation that will greet the picture of "Grandpa and Grandma," to be with his silk handkerchiefs, and his head and his snuff-box in his hand, and his with his glasses and knitting-work. There is a story of "Cousin Albert's Rabbit," and a tale of "Saturday Night," "Hero Clinging," "A Christmas Day at the South," "Jack Wilcox," and "Joe Fox," are full of fun and interest, and handsomely illustrated. If all the little readers of the Nursery could just step into the office where it is made, and see the pen and the ink that make it, they would not wonder that it is always good; but then we have an idea that it is because they are always thinking about what will please the little ones that make their faces so pleasant.

Littell closes its 130th volume with the number for December 28th, and promises much for the future. George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Keary, Sarah Tytler and others will be represented in the department of fiction, and Mallock, Dean Stanley, Gladstone, Wallace, Froude, Freeman, Proctor, and, indeed, all the best English and foreign authors, will be found in their best articles in the successive numbers as they appear each week.

New Music. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental—"The Sligh Ride (Polka Rondo)," by G. D. Wilson; Electric March, by Louise E. L. Brantley; La Marjolaine (Souvenir), by Ch. Leocoe; Vocal—"The Wild Rose," words by G. Thaxter, music by Julius Eichberg; The Old Street Lamp, words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Molloy.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1879.

We wish all our readers a "Happy New Year." Some of them have received this salutation from this paper, now, for many years; a few for more than half a century, having taken Zion's Herald from the beginning. A thousand new subscribers commence the year with us; or, rather, have anticipated its opening by a few weeks. Some will only receive our salutation for the last time, and close their relation with us. We are always sorry to lose a good friend, and every subscriber comes, in some way, to be held in this relation by us. We are more sorry, however, for the occasion that obliges some to request the stopping of the paper. In many instances it is a hard struggle with actual and serious poverty that has brought the reluctant subscriber to such a step; in some, death has removed the member of the family circle who has been accustomed to take the paper. It is a grateful fact that there are very few instances in which sincere regret is not expressed at the necessity of dropping the familiar and much-esteemed paper, and discontinuing its weekly visits. The regret is heartily shared by us. When one thus finds it necessary to drop the paper, it would be a graceful act to secure another subscriber, to take the vacant place; or, what is better, a few new subscribers might be obtained sufficient to pay the self-constituted agent for the prized copy of the paper for himself, and also accomplish an invaluable service for those induced to subscribe and secure for themselves, every week, the reading of a well-filled religious sheet. But we took up our pen simply to pay a New Year's benediction upon our patrons. Begin the year, dear readers, well—in the fear and love of God; profiting by an unreserved consecration of yourselves to the service of the Master and the good of your fellow-men, and the year, whether its close finds you on earth or in heaven, will be a happy one indeed!

Christmas week has been a very quiet one in the political and social world. Congress adjourned, and antagonistic senators have been forgetting their disputes amid the amenities and charities of home life and the Christmas holidays. Every year Christmas is becoming more and more a holiday in New England. Boston took on quite its Sunday air last Wednesday week. Its stores were generally closed, and the streets were only occupied by the horse-cars and pleasure riders. The day does not gain much, however, in sanctity. Few besides the Catholic and Episcopal Churches are opened for solemn services, and crowds are drawn thither rather by the elaborate evergreen ornamentation, and the more elaborate music, than by a reverent desire of paying homage to the Child of Bethlehem. A few of the non-conforming Churches have Sabbath-school festivities, on Christmas day, although these usually occur on the preceding evening. We should gladly welcome the general acceptance and hearty religious sanctification of the day, hallowed by so many tender and heavenly associations, and its devotion to the most spiritual services.

"The secret place of the Most High"—where is it? Place! The number of places is infinite—some bad, some indifferent, some good, some better, some best, one the best possible. Where is that? It is somewhere; but most people fail to find it. It may be in the palace, and amid the splendor of wealth and prosperity; but it is not certainly there. Or it may be in some lonely cottage where poverty bears away; but neither is it certainly there. It may be in the house, the crowded street, or away in the broad fields or solitary woods; it may be there, or it may not. It may be more plainly told where it is, than where it is. It is certainly not anywhere amid the circles of revelry and sin, though multitudes essay to find it there. It is not amid any of those circumstances where most people think to find it. Thousands upon thousands are looking for it, striving for it, but never discover it, never attain it.

It is a secret place. No mortal eye has ever seen it, and yet it is on this earth. You need not ascend to heaven, nor descend into the depths, to find it. It is right to thee, and the place is wondrously luminous and beautiful; and not only so, but when one has reached it, and looks out thence upon heaven and earth, an exceeding glory enwrathes itself with all the world of nature. For there

the eye of faith opens and looks upon things unseen, and sees Him who is invisible, and love is there full and perfect, pervading and sanctifying all the atmosphere. And safety is also there; for the dweller in that secret place abides under the shadow of the Almighty, under His wings, covered with His feathers, within the divine refuge, the impregnable fortress, secure from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence of sin. Of course fear comes not there—perfect love excludes it; no terror is there by night, no fear of the arrow that flieth by day, for excellent trust is there—trust in the perfect and eternal refuge, in the absolute promise that no harm shall befall the humble dweller, nor any plague approach his habitation; for that habitation is God Himself, in whom is everlasting strength.

Angels, too, are encamped around, having a charge to keep the dweller of this secret place, and in their blessed hands to bear him through every difficulty. And so peace is there—a peaceful and strange exceedingly—the "peace of God that passeth all understanding." It follows that all there is holy, excellent, and pure. The silence there is sacred and heavenly; the voices are unearthly and enchanting; the conversations are in heaven; the songs are the charming echoes of Paradise; the walks are with God; the fellowship is with the Father and the Son; the communings are with the good of all ages. Something like this is "the secret place;" and he who comes there has it as his place of dwelling, his abode, his home, to "move no more." He is no sojourner, as when a stranger comes to-day and departs to-morrow. Through all his days and nights he clings to that divine abode, singing, "Here be my rest forever!" And here, at the last, he breathes out his dying breath, and passes from heaven below to the eternal heaven beyond.

The excess of books is nearly as embarrassing to the men of the nineteenth century as the deficiency was to those of the ninth. The mass is over-mastering. The very number of the volumes puts it out of our power to read all. We are driven to select. A few samples from the best are positively all we are able to open and examine; and even of this selection we are able to make a careful study of only a part. Grasp and hold the principles; touch more lightly the interstitial material. However narrow your course of reading on any theme, the art of reading will be the learning how to "skip judiciously;" how to catch every kernel of the wheat, and let the chaff and dust blow off. The sight of a great library would be absolutely disheartening did we not also know that the mass of that knowledge is summarized in a few small volumes. In any such collection there are many stalks and husks; the seed corn is found in a few golden ears. Turn over the husks to the cattle; preserve the ripe ears.

As the wreck of a once gallant ship awakens our sympathies, so does the adversity of a once prosperous man. The contrast between his past abundance and his present poverty moves us to pity. But if we discover the virtue of fortitude in the sufferer, our pity speedily changes to admiration. For, as Lord Bacon observes, "fortitude in morals is the more her virtue." This thought is encouraging to the man in adversity, inasmuch as he is apt to fancy that men despise him because of his misfortunes. Fools may do so. Good men cannot. The latter know that "adversity is the blessing of the New Testament which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favor." Odors are most fragrant when burned as incense, and a good man best demonstrates the genuineness of his virtues when he permits them to shine through his adversities.

GOING AND COMING.

The present issue of our paper is prepared as the old year goes quietly out, and reaches our readers amid the congratulations of the new era. The festivities of Christmas give an outward air of joyousness to the closing week of the year, and our plans for enjoyment, for business, for the gratification of ambition, stretch far on into the future; so that it requires some effort to surround ourselves with the natural associations of these fading days and the passage of another milestone in the short journey of our life.

There is little to give the past year any special prominence in our memories. No very marked events have occurred in our national history. The deep cloud of business depression has thinned but little; and while the harvest of the land never were greater, her exports largely in excess of her imports, and the hour reached that could hardly have been reasonably expected for years to come, when the paper of the country has touched the value of the world's standard of money, still the shrinkage of properties and the diminution of trade have continued, and tens of thousands have been reduced from affluence to a dependence upon daily labor, and to not a little anxiety as to the regular supply and adequate compensation for this. Still we have experienced comparatively little of the abject poverty and terrible want and wretchedness which some of the manufacturing districts of England are now suffering. We have every reason to be grateful to God that it is as well with us as it is.

It has not been a year of high religious interest. In some places, like Fall River, there have been remarkable revivals, extending throughout the Churches, and gathering in many converted men and women from all ranks in society. In many other portions of the land there has been a period of reaction,

such as is liable to follow extraordinary services and seasons of great religious excitement; the established means of grace, temporarily at least, lose their hold upon the sympathies and active support of professed Christians, and few are gathered into the fold from the unevangelized world around. At this moment specially evangelistic work in many places is taking on an unwholesome character, and a fresh heralding of the imminent coming of our Lord to set up a temporal reign upon the earth is taking the place of the great commission which was to be proclaimed until Christ, by His coming, superseded it—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The special religious event of this year, of financial depression has been the remarkable payment of indebtedness upon church property. It is one of the significant evidences of both the power of the Christian faith and the appreciation of Christian institutions in our community, that while there has been an unprecedented number of business failures—the temporal ruin and utter loss of property on the part of many of the most able and strongest financiers in the country—but comparatively few of the Church enterprises have come to helpless ruin. Many very elegant and commodious edifices were started when the membership numbered in its ranks men of wealth, who had cheerfully subscribed of their abundance, and had every reason to rely upon their ability to meet their pledges. The men themselves have failed by thousands, but by the most extraordinary efforts and personal sacrifices on the part of Christian disciples, the houses of worship have been saved, and many of them have been happily relieved from all encumbrances of debt. If the work of church-building had not been undertaken in those hours of remarkable prosperity which preceded the present distress, it would not have been assumed for a generation; but now these noble—many of them permanent—temples of worship will remain for ages as centres of Christian usefulness and of evangelizing power. Christ has not failed to witness these loyal, faithful and self-sacrificing struggles of His loving children. He has yielded them His divine support, and He has crowned their successful accomplishment of the work, often, with a rich spiritual benediction. No labor or money can be more wisely or economically devoted than that bestowed upon the house of God. Long after we slumber in our graves, old men, men in their prime, blooming youth and little children, will be taught, and comforted, and nurtured in heavenly truth, and be fitted for the skies, in these sanctuaries which we have assisted in consecrating to His worship. We trust this good work of debt-paying will go on even though the days do not brighten much and the sacrifices become more and more severe.

Without doubt, our national and State politics have had an influence in weakening the spiritual power of the Church, absorbing as they have, for many months, the interest and activities of a large portion of our citizens. Although in the middle of a presidential term, events are already shaping for the coming quadrennial struggle. Involving, as a change of parties unfortunately does with us, such an immense patronage, the possible change in tens of thousands of officers, the struggle for the administration of the government becomes every year more and more perilous to the country and to its moral and religious interests; affecting, also, as our national elections do, at this hour, the most sacred rights of citizens, the honor, the peace, and the perpetuity of the Republic, our politics have taken on a more than usual absorbing character.

In our local elections, in addition to these national interests, the vital question of the moral well-being of our people has been involved. When a few thousands of our citizens at the South were carried off by the yellow fever, the whole country was moved; money flowed as freely as water; men cheerfully offered themselves, at the peril of their lives, to assist in the care of the sick; and several expensive commissions have been appointed to consider the nature of the plague and the possibilities of its being prevented. But we find our citizens almost decimated annually by poisonous beverages, and our children constantly tempted and exposed to public solicitations to form habits that will certainly prove their ruin. We find no form of taxation to which we are subjected at all comparable to that visited upon us by the existence of the plague of intemperance. We find no certain remedy for it but its entire extirpation. No moral movement will close the pest-holes of spiritual and temporal death in the community. Men will continue to pamper appetite as long as they can do so with impunity and add to their wealth; just as at the South, nothing but law and penalty will secure a proper sewerage and save the community from a pestilential malaria. It is not a surprise that good men feel that all minor interests should be subordinated until by law we have secured every adequate defense to the community against both the tyranny of appetite and avarice. At this hour the wealthy brewers of England put out and put in a prime minister of Great Britain, and the wealthy whiskey dealers of the West hold the hands of the political managers, and even of the administration, in our country. We have feared a combination of the great capitalists holding our vast lines of railroad, but they are not nearly as perilous to the State as the immense, combined, wealthy body engaged in our land in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic

drinks. We need great spiritual reformation as never before to awaken Christian men to the importance of this subject, to weaken its hold upon them of material interest, to induce them to combine in wise and measures to stay a plague infinitely more terrible and fatal than any pestilence which has swept the land. Or present efforts are sporadic, divided, and readily baffled by the united cunning and money of a sleepless foe.

No thoughtful man can close a year and begin another without serious reflections. A large part of life is gone; what account of a has it borne into eternity? How life has been accomplished! What poor returns have we made for the Divine goodness which we have enjoyed? "Thy are we spared, and many have been taken? What has been our influence? The family, in the Church, and in the community? And what will the coming year develop? Who can peer into its shadows? Let us not step over the imaginary line separating one year from the other, without a hearty, penitential, filial, trusting prayer, and placing our hand afresh in the Divine grasp, let us not go down hence unless Thy presence go with us!

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

When considering the rapacity and disregard of all political rights shown by the British in their operations in India, there is often disposition to pass over these things lightly, with the reflection that it is conquerors who have played the part of robbers, yet they have given a stable government to the country and have suppressed many abuses and bad customs. Probably British rule in India is among the instrumentalities by which the divine Providence designs to effect the Christianization of that country; but that fact no more palliates the criminality of the conquest, and subsequent oppressions of the people, than does the similar one in respect to China excuse the action of the same government in compelling the Chinese to permit the importation of opium; or than the earlier crime of the same nation in legalizing the African slave-trade is condoned by the good that may result to Africa by the return of the descendants of her exiled children to give to their fatherland the blessings of the Gospel and of a Christian civilization. It is God's method to compel the wrath of man to praise Him, and among the agencies by which the world is to be redeemed to Christ are, no doubt, included man's ungodly passions and actions. But, however valuable such things may appear, as links in the great chain of providential causes, by which the best results are accomplished, in respect to the agents themselves, the actions will be judged not according to the ends reached, but the purposes intended.

But a closer view of the facts of British rule in India may not show that it is, apart from the degradation and spoliation of the Indian princes, so entirely a rose-colored affair as is sometimes intimated. The security of life, and the protection of the public quiet assured by the British conquerors of India, are not given without the payment, in return, of a price. During two hundred and fifty-eight years, beginning with the year 1600, India was held and governed by a mercantile company, whose sole purpose was the enrichment of its stock-holders and chief managers. How much money was drawn from the people of India during all these years of irresponsible government and of unchecked spoliation, can only be conjectured, though enough is known to justify the declaration that the amount was simply enormous. For the last twenty years India has been a dependency of the British crown, and the official reports open to us something of the financial management of that "empire." These show that the "home" (i. e., British) charges against India have averaged about sixty-two and a half millions for each year—an aggregate in twenty years of \$1,350,000,000—besides all the costs and exactions for the local (Indian) government. And all this, it must be remembered, is wrung from a people already so thoroughly depleted and despoiled that but very little remained to excite the cupidity of the spoiler. The working capital of country, already reduced far below the necessities of its immense population, has thus been depleted of that enormous sum. In seasons of plenty the people make out to obtain a meagre livelihood, after paying their taxes; but a single year of dearth brings extreme destitution and suffering, for while staggering under their enormous loads of taxation, it is quite impossible to provide against such emergencies.

From an authority that seems to be entirely trustworthy, we have this picture of the situation:—"The population under the government of the Crown, exclusive of those ruled by tributary princes, numbers about 150,000,000, and the value of the gross annual produce has been carefully estimated and found not to exceed \$8 per capita. From this pitifully meagre product the Government and local taxes take about 16 per cent. The rate of wages in places remote from the lines of rail, where they are somewhat higher, is from three to nine cents a day, and even at these rates employment is not always to be had. It is authoritatively affirmed that the lands throughout the country are deteriorating; that for a long period more have been taken from them than could be restored to them, and that the working stock and implements of the farmers are likewise reduced to an almost ruinous state of inefficiency. The old manufactures of the country are destroyed by the importation of cheap British goods, and the artisan class has almost entirely been forced into agri-

culture. Although famines are so frequent, the country is a constant exporter of bread-stuffs, no other commodity being available to supply them with the means of paying their tribute."

In India the act of imposing taxes so as to produce the highest returns possible, has been carried to a high degree of perfection. The land is taxed, and after that nearly all its products; and the sea also, for its salt affords a chief item of revenue. At every point one meets with stamps, and customs, and excise duties, and tributes, all pushed to the last tolerable extremity, the only certain limit being that of the ability of the people to pay any more. Some valuable internal improvements have been made, chiefly in the form of railroads, but these add nothing to the productive resources of the country; but they greatly facilitate the powers of the government to hold the people in hopeless subjection to their foreign masters.

In estimating the character of British rule in India, care must be used to distinguish between those rulers and the people of Great Britain, whose willing complicity in the wrongs inflicted on India is not to be presumed. But the spirit that so long governed the whole policy of the British East India Company was not wholly cast out by the dissolution of that corporation and the transfer of the government to the Crown. The same men govern under the new régime, and neither the policy nor the measures have been very much changed. To make money—the more of it the better—was from the beginning the ruling passion, and so it remains. The authority already quoted from, thus summarizes the terrible inventory of evils, giving a picture at once truthful, striking, and horrible:—"It is not to be doubted that the British nation wishes to do well by India. John Bull looks at the trade balance, and finds that the exports exceed the imports, and he deems that all is well. He reads the missionary reports, and finds there that sound gospel is being preached to the heathen, regardless of expense and with enduring apostolic zeal and faithfulness, and he comforts himself with the belief that all is right, while a great people, prone and dumb, lie under a weight of oppression which stifles even the cry that anguish and despair would fain utter. The country is poorer and poorer year by year. Even now it trembles on the edge of bankruptcy, and there are not wanting in England wise and thoughtful men who are fully alive to the peril."

"The proposal to put upon India the expense of the Afghan campaign has brought up the subject for full discussion, and it is likely that many Englishmen, to whom India has always been the synonym of opulence and inexhaustible treasures, will come to learn that it is one of the poorest countries on the face of the globe, and that the systematic and long-continued taxation to which its inhabitants are subjected, is the direct cause of its impoverishment. The old East India Company despoiled the land with ruthless energy and rapacity, but it had no machinery which enabled it to reach into the interior—the rice-bag of the famine-stricken ryot, and the salt in the pot of the wretched pariah, and take some shreds from the poor white garment in which the mother wrapped the dead body of her babe. But this the Government has, and it has used it with exact and inflexible hand. It may some day awaken to the consideration of what it has really done to India, while perhaps conscientiously trying to do it good."

Editorial Items.

The Methodist (Wesleyan) of December 13th, gives a report of a peculiarly interesting occasion in London. Sir Francis Lyell, a very loyal and generous Methodist layman, who has been specially interested in building new Methodist houses of worship in the metropolis—invited the young men connected with Methodist Churches and families in the city, to a public supper in the large hall of a hotel; 1,700 accepted his invitation by letter, and the first division of them, 500 in number, was present on the occasion referred to. President Rigg and leading Wesleyan ministers were also invited guests, with a number of noted laymen. The occasion was one of great interest, rising at times to overwhelming enthusiasm under the stirring and eloquent addresses which were made.

Dr. Rigg, in appropriate words, after a well-discussed supper, introduced his host, Sir Francis Lyell, who made a plain, practical and capital speech to his young brethren. He wished them to show in their lives that "there was a mighty vitality in their Methodism and in the religion of the Bible." When he asked them to settle the question whether their beloved Methodism should die, they shouted in unison, "No!" He exhorted them to stand by the institutions of the Church, and to help on with all their influence its movements. Rev. Alexander M'Auley, as usual, brought down the house with his electric eloquence and happy illustrations. "He remembered hearing of a man who advertised to tell any one how to obtain a fortune for the small fee of \$5. To all applicants the reply was sent, 'Join the Wesleyans.' He believed that was the way a young man to secure of his success in life. He had found it to be so." His experience illustrating this affirmation was full of graphic and telling points. Dr. Gervase Smith, Rev. John Kline, Rev. E. E. Jenkins and others made admirable addresses, and the applause and cheers of the greatly interested body of Methodist young men. It was a good time; and it would be a good experiment for some of our generous laymen to try on this side of the Atlantic. We should like to be in the midst of just such a meeting, and to listen to a series of equally sensible speeches.

A remarkably interesting and instructive Convention was held in Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 18th and 19th, called primarily and chiefly in the interests of Syracuse University. Its great practical object was to devise ways and means to relieve this important educational institution from its present financial peril, and to enlarge its appliances for the discharge of its legitimate office as a university; but it developed into something wider; and in the addresses of some of the leading educators of our Church and its most eloquent ministers, covered the whole field of the higher denominational and professional education, and presented the claims of wholesome and liberal learning as we have rarely seen it done. We wish the

whole series of services could be repeated in this vicinity. Wesleyan and Boston Universities need only be substituted in the place of their vigorous sister at Syracuse, and every speaker and every sentence would be as pertinent to this locality as to Central New York. Among the speakers during the two days were: Ex-Governor Alford, Dr. A. C. George, Dr. Nelson, Rev. E. Horst, Jr., Prof. Peck, Chancellor Haven, Dr. S. Hunt, Bishop Peck, Dr. J. S. Hurst (whose address is generally spoken of as one of remarkable beauty and power), Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman (who simply sustained his high reputation as an eloquent speaker), Prof. Comford and Bennett of the University, Dr. Reid and Dr. J. M. Buckley, with a number of others. The resolutions passed were chiefly in the interest of the University, and in favor of holding educational meetings throughout the patronizing Conferences. Such an enthusiastic and well-sustained "Council" in this vicinity would be an inspiration that our educational institutions very much need just at this time. It would have a favorable influence both in securing students and in awakening sympathy and financial aid. Who will lead off in gathering such a convention?

The publishers of the *Scientific American*—one of the best technical journals published in the country—Munn & Co., send, free of charge, to their subscribers, a paper of Uranine—a new coloring substance obtained from coal tar. It is the most highly fluorescent body now known to science. Its coloring power is wonderful; a single grain will give a distinct golden color to several hundred gallons of water. The effect of a few grains upon a tumbler of water is beautiful in the extreme. Each particle sends down a little thread which looks like a vegetable growth, and the tumbler soon seems to be filled with beautiful aquatic plants. The color of the water finally becomes a soft green, and changes to amber and gold according to its relations to a strong light. We are indebted to the publisher for a paper of this remarkable mineral substance, and find the experiments to be easily tried and very satisfactory. The *Scientific American* is published at 37 Park Row, New York city, at \$3.20 a year.

From the same publishers we have received a handy little manual containing an answer to all necessary questions on the part of one desiring to enter a patent in the government office at Washington; the firm of Munn & Co. having an office there as patent lawyers.

Mrs. Emma Molloy, of Indiana, has met with great success in her gospel temperance revival in England, and received the cordial co-operation of the clergy interested in the movement, the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the temperance organizations. She has conducted meetings in London at the Victoria Park Tabernacle, Orange Street Chapel (where Sir Isaac Newton formerly attended worship), in the Cornwell New Road Congregational Church, and at Rev. Dawson Burns' chapel. She has also spoken to crowded audiences in the largest halls of London, and been invited to address several select drawing-room meetings which are very popular among the ladies in England. Mrs. Molloy's labors among the intemperate class have been attended with good results, and her work is endorsed by Canon Wilberforce, Rev. Dawson Burns, B. Whitworth, M. P., Joseph Livesey, founder of the total abstinence movement in England, Mrs. Lucas (a sister of John Bright), and by many other prominent advocates in that country.

A Washington correspondent of the *Morning Star* thus records his Sabbath experience:—"On Sunday last, we attended the Foundry Church (Meth. Episcopal). Nothing could be more repulsive in effect than standing in the portals of this steam-heated edifice. We view, among the many citizens and strangers gathered here, the firm-knuckled square of the President, accompanied by his quiet wife and children, walking thither from the Executive mansion, as is their custom, excepting in the hotter season, when they reside amid the cool retreats of the Soldiers' Home, some three miles north of the city. The church is completely filled, and the presidential family advance quietly to their accustomed seat, with hardly a perceptible movement of recognition from the audience.

The President and wife join heartily in the congregation singing and respond, give close attention to an energetic sermon from Dr. Lathrop on "Religious Courage," donate generously to the contribution box, pass slowly and quietly out—and that is all there is in seeing a President of the United States at church."

The monthlies issued by D. Appleton & Co., the current year, are enlarged and improved. Appleton's *Journal* commences upon a somewhat modified plan. It excludes illustrations and devotes its ample and handsomely-printed pages to a high order of periodical literature. It does not confine itself to original writers, but selects choice articles from the leading foreign journals, devoting a large share to papers upon art and upon social and political science. The January number opens with a translation from the French—the *Romanesque of a Painter*. It comes from the *Cornhill Magazine* a thoughtful article upon the Eighteenth Century; a paper on Greek Anthology from the *Nineteenth Century*; an Art Symposium from the same periodical; Elephant-Catching, by Dr. G. L. Austin; Petrarch, from the *Quarterly Review*. This number contains the opening of a story by Horace E. Sender—"A Man may not marry his Grandmother."

The editor's table and book reviews are well sustained, and the whole number is very entertaining and instructive. The *Popular Science Monthly* for January is enlarged by sixteen additional pages, making 144 in all. It will preserve its well-defined characteristics, and remains under the same editorial supervision as heretofore. It is devoted to natural and speculative science, and is the only magazine of the kind in the country. It gathers up the best discussions upon current topics in the scientific world, and adds fresh, original contributions from time to time. It presents series of portraits of eminent scholars in these branches, and gives illustrations when the articles published require them. There are eighteen papers in the January number, besides a very full and varied editorial miscellany. Prof. Morse has an article upon Traces of an Early Race in Japan; John Tyndall reviews Virchow on Evolution; Prof. H. S. Carhart has a paper upon Astronomical Magnitudes and Distances; Herbert Spencer considers the Copyright question; G. J. Romanes, the Beginning of Nerves in the Animal Kingdom; Prof. Carl Vogt, Pope and Anti-Pope; W. E. Damon, the Devil Fish and its Relatives; George H. Herodity; Dr. J. Milner Fothergill, the Effects of Alcoholic Excess on Character—a very instructive and impressive paper. A cut and sketch of Gustav Wallis, the noted German traveler and botanist, are provided for this number.

In a private note from Baltimore, Rev. Thomas Harrison writes: "The work at Madison Square Church is still progressing in great power, and 340 persons have professed conversion; among them one hundred men."

Our hand trembles as we announce the death of our dear friend and Christian brother, Rev. Ira G. Bidwell. His sickness had already been noticed by the press; but we could not believe a life so valuable to the Church was really passing away from us. To these touching words his bereaved wife announces his departure, Dec. 25th: "Ira died this afternoon at four o'clock. Gone to spend Christmas in glory." He died of malarial fever in the city of Syracuse, where he had commenced, under the most promising auspices, a new term of his ministry. He died in his ripe manhood—in his forty-third year. He was a native of Wilmington, Conn., born Feb. 2d of Feb. 1835. He graduated with honor from Union College, entered the Troy Conference, and filled some of its most conspicuous appointments; was transferred to Providence Conference, and stationed in the Chestnut Street Church in the city of Providence. He taught a year at Lowell Seminary, and was then transferred to the New England Conference, preaching in Haverly Street Church, Cambridge, in Worcester, and in Bromfield Street, Boston. He was then removed to the Gussess Conference, and preached in Buffalo a term; leaving there for the First M. E. Church, Syracuse. And now he is translated to heaven, to remove no more. We are deeply afflicted by the death of this beloved minister. He was a fine scholar, with a delicate and cultivated taste, united to remarkable strength and positiveness of character. Eminently conscientious, he had the courage of his opinions. He was a thoughtful, rich in illustration, and eloquent preacher, at times swaying his audiences with amazing power. He was a noble, unselfish, Christian man—frank and manly, full of tender sensitivities, and ready with the liveliest sympathies in hours of sorrow among his friends. That Church is rich indeed that can bury such men without being deeply conscious of its loss! Our ministers in this vicinity will pay ample and warm tributes to his memory. God bless and comfort the family that he loved, and loved him, so dearly, and sanctify this sudden death to us all!

Last week, on its human side, was a sad week to us. We are called to announce the death of a dear friend in the ministry, and also one of our oldest and warmest friends in the laity. George C. Rand, esq., died at his home in Newton, on Monday morning, aged 59 years. We have been intimately associated together for nearly forty years. At the opening of his business career and of our ministry, he published the *Sunday School Messenger*, and the *Teacher*, of which, at the time, we were co-editors. We have followed with pleasure his growing reputation and success in his business as a printer, until he came to stand in the foremost ranks of those most conspicuous in this important mechanical art. In his arduous to reach all the possibilities of his extensive business, his health failed, and for more than a score of years he has been a subject of exquisite physical pain. He has made extended visits to Europe, to enjoy the best medical treatment; but for the last six or eight years he has remained at home, giving some attention to business and struggling with wonderful courage against the most prostrating form of disease. Although a sufferer, he was ever cheerful and sweet, enjoyed life and his friends, preserved his confidence in God and his religious fervor. He had the privilege of enjoying a communion service with him in the little hall near his residence, where a few Methodist hold regular worship, two or three Sabbath since—and a very affecting service it was. During all his pressure of business when we were never separated by Church duties, but often, after class-meeting or prayer-meeting, worked in his office until morning hours. He was an honored member of the Wesleyan Association, was present at the last meeting, and was greatly interested in the prosperity of its enterprises. Death was an expected event. He was speechless when we bade him good-by on Saturday; but by unmistakable signs he assured us of his peace, and kissed a fraternal farewell upon his hand as we left the room. He leaves a large family of children and near relatives to mourn his loss, and to rejoice, also, that at last he has ceased to suffer.

We visited, for the first time, last Sabbath, our Church at Sacarappa, Md., where our excellent correspondent, Rev. I. Luce, is pastor. It is the scene of the memorable organ incident, related in his inimitable way, by Dr. Mark Traford. The old organ, or, rather, what remains of it, still stands in the vestry. It should be sent to the redoubtable Doctor as a memento of his zeal and perseverance. The Church is in a very vigorous condition. It has a fine edifice, and what is better, is well filled. Forty or fifty are to be received next Sabbath into the Church, as the result of a late revival. The work among the young people and children is remarkable. We have never attended such interesting social services as are held among the Sabbath-school scholars, who, crowded by the hundreds, work in and fill the vestry on Sabbath evening, and many of them take active part in the service. Our Sabbath at Sacarappa, which was an unusually pleasant one for the season, was one that we shall not soon forget. Pastor Luce has a Church in his own house, in the large and happy family group upon which the divine benediction richly rests.

The *Interior* contains a remarkable article from a Catholic priest, reviewing with great severity the justification by the *Catholic Review* of the gambling and liquor-selling which marked and degraded the late fair held in the uncompleted Roman Catholic cathedral in New York city. The *Review* justified these successful measures for securing money on the ground that the unfinished church had no sanctity about it, and was like a simple hall or any other edifice, simply Parliamtent. The intelligent priest calls the editor's attention to the very solemn act of consecration at the laying of the cornerstone, the antiphon which the Bishop's cantors sing, being: "Place, O Lord Jesus, the sign of salvation in this place, and suffer not the destroying angel to enter here!" and to the Bishop's prayer closing with that "He may purify it from all uncleanness, and present it as a spotless and that which has been sanctified by all wicked spirits." The writer then carries the war into Africa, and protests, in the name of the Church, in behalf of the temperance men within it, in the name of Cardinal Manning, against such "a scandalous sale of beer, ale, wine, whiskey, gin, and all kinds of liquors anywhere." All of which is very wholesome, and very encouraging.

A correspondent, in Turkey, of the *Christian Union*, calls attention to the fact, that slavery, in its worst forms, still exists in that country; that hundreds of Christian youth of both sexes are freely sold by Mohammedan owners, stolen from the provinces lately the scene of war, many of the parents having been driven from their homes by Turkish marauders. Every officer of the government holds slaves, and slaves are bought and sold every day in

Brother Malcolm, of Pleasant Street, was unable to preach last Sunday, and Mr. J. H. Ham (Congregational) supplied. Brother Ham is recovering.

Extra religious services are in progress at Allen Street M. E. Church, with increasing attendance and interest. The lecture course which closed Friday evening, December 2, with a lecture by Bishop Foster, on the "Spirit Forces of the Universe," is a final chapter in the series.

Brother Farnsworth, who has been unable to preach for six Sundays, is out again. His wife and child who have been sick with diphtheria are better. Sister Shaw, pastress at East Dennis Wesleyan Church, preached for Brother F. Sunday, the 15th.

Rev. J. D. King delivered a lecture in the Methodist Church, South Harwich, December 10, on "The Rights of the Colored People," with Hints to the Unfaithful, and bristling with practical points. One win-

Christ. Rev. W. S. Jones found here a strong Church numerically; blessed with large spiritual gifts, liberal and open-hearted. He had heard of the "amen Corner" before he came, and many a hearty response came from there during his stay. He buried eight members in the three years he was here, the aggregate of whose ages amounted to 604 years. Rev. G. D. Lindsay thought if a Church failed in converting souls, it was not

An ecclesiastical council has granted Rev. Mr. Haley, pastor of the Congregational Church of Hudson, an honorable dismissal.

Rev. W. V. W. Davis, pastor of the Franklin Street Congregational Church of Manchester, met with an accident lately, seriously fracturing his arm.

The Hanover Street Congregationalists are to build a new church.

Deaths.

At Newton Centre, Dec. 30, George Curtis Ross, aged 59 years. Funeral services, Thursday, Jan. 2, at the First Congregational Church, Newton Centre, at 1 o'clock P. M. Relatives and friends are cordially invited to attend without further notice. Special cars will be attached to train leaving Boston and Albany station, at 12.15. Returning, leave Newton Centre at 2.30.

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[illegible]

The Family.

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

Ring! ring! ring!
Ye bells from the old church tower,
And with music tell
The old year farewell,
The year that will die this hour.

Low! low! low!
Your message floats on the air;
With hushed voice ye say,
"It has passed away."
We bid it farewell with prayer.

Ring! ring! ring!
Ye bells from the old church tower,
With melody sweet
A glad new year greet—
The year that is born this hour.

Ring! ring! ring!
Joyful anthems fall and loud;
For angels of love
Come down from above,
And brought a new year from God.

HOW THEY SPENT CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

It was a very pleasant way they did it, and if you will listen to me for a few minutes, you shall hear about it.

The time was five years ago, and the home of these people was in a pretty village on the Connecticut river. The family was composed of Mr. Wallace Hunter and his little young wife, and a widowed sister and her little girl, Jennie. But, bless you! there were others besides these. For there was the dear old mamma-pussie with her family of sable kittens, and Bonny, the famous dog, whose mother really belonged to the Queen.

But others still were interested in the Christmas I am writing about. Three miles down the river, lived a sister of Mrs. Hunter, and she was coming, of course, to help along the festivities; and for several weeks beforehand, if you had been privileged to go up into Aunt Madge's queer little back-room, you would have opened your eyes wide at the sight of all the pretty things she was making. Out of little bits of silk, and lace, and velvet, and worsteds, and beads, her d. fingers contrived to fashion the daintiest jewel-boxes, handsome pen-cushions, marvellous bit-bags, unique toilet-sets, and last, but not least, the wardrobe for a doll that was almost as pretty as a live baby. Yes, this was a wonderful suite in her way, and she was a great help in making ready for the Christmas tree.

"Oh, they had a tree, then?" Of course they did; and more than that, one of the family suggested that this year they all write some verses to be read, at intervals during the evening.

Some hands went up in holy horror at the bare idea of their possessors attempting to make poetry; but the thing was insisted upon, and every one but grandpa made the attempt, and they shall judge for yourselves how they succeeded.

"Why! was grandpa there?" I hear some little urchin ask, who knows how nice it is to be grandpa's pet. Yes, grandpa and grandma were both present, and added not a little to the joy of the occasion.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. A light fall of snow the night before made exquisite pictures along valley and hill, and as the family gathered to look out on the landscape, the words of "the preacher" arose to the lips of more than one: "He hath made everything beautiful in His time."

After breakfast little Jennie took her station at the front window, in order to catch the first glimpse of the old stage that was to bring Aunt Madge and Uncle Nat. She didn't wait long before she heard the rumbling of the vehicle, and before many minutes she saw the good-natured free of her auntie at the coach door. Then there were shouts of "Merry Christmas!" mingled with kisses and other pleasant greetings. But lo! something else is coming; for up the walk the old stage-driver is bringing a huge clothes-basket. It is covered with a large paper, but reveals, in spite of the precaution, many a suggestion of presents, pretty and precious.

Oh, but there was a hurry and a flurry all day long! Not a hurry that made them all nervous and cross, but a glad haste to do what was to be done in the very best possible way.

The early part of the day was devoted to trimming the pretty parlor, and certainly fingers moved swiftly and skillfully in making wreaths for the windows and festoons for the walls; and, best of all, was a large star, which was placed over the mantle on the east side of the room, reminding one of the Star of Bethlehem which rose that other night when the Christ-child came to earth.

Well, let me see what comes next. Pretty soon it was dinner-time, and if you could have seen the table around which the family gathered, you would have said that little Mrs. Hunter knew how to get up a grand Christmas dinner. There were more goodies than anybody could possibly eat; but that was just like Aunt Jennie—she had a generous heart and provided accordingly.

In the afternoon all were busy making their presents, even to little Jennie, who was industriously printing the names of those for whom her gifts were destined. I have not told you much about this little girl, for I love her so well that I might write too flattering things of her; but she was a fair-haired, delicate-looking child, given to loving her friends with all her heart, though not so demonstrative as many a one with a nature less strong.

On the day in question she entered enthusiastically upon all the festivities, and insisted upon having her share in the literary part of the entertainment. I will tell you what she wrote before I go any further; but as she was only just seven years old you must not expect much from her:—

"A happy morn' the chiming bells
Ring out right merrily!
'Tis nearly time for the tree to come,
And then we'll all about cheerily.
Here, now, we skip around the tree,
And sing a merry song with glee.
Now, then, 'tis time to go to bed,
And lay each tiny little head
Upon our pillow, soft and warm,
Where evil cannot do us harm."

Just at dark the wax candles on the tree were lighted, and the invitation was given: "Everything is ready. Come in!" Into the parlor they went in a happy rush. "Oh, oh!" said one, and, "Oh, that is beautiful!" said another. It was indeed a pretty sight. The tree was handsomely ornamented independent of the gifts, and these last were unusually bright and attractive. I cannot begin to tell you of the various things each one received, but the happiness of the hour did not depend so much on the intrinsic value of what was given as on the amount of love that accompanied the gift. Uncle Nat, I remember, had a modest gold-headed cane, beside numberless other things. And now for his verses. He begged hard to be excused, but we were inexorable:—

"We come to-night
With fond delight
To hail our merry Christmas;
And every eye
Is bright with joy
While Santa Claus dispenses
Freely to all,
Both great and small,
The gifts by love suggested."

Aunt Madge followed with her offering, which was this:—

"'Tis just three years ago to-night,
Since we, a joyous company,
Sat 'neath the branches of our Christmas tree
Headless of care and filled with jollity.
To-night we miss some faces bright
Whose cheerful smiles then shone around,
Mid other scenes their hearts with joy rebound.
And other cares and loves their lives surround,
Yet come we now, as came we then, in glee,
To taste the fruitage of our Christmas tree."

After the distribution of some more pretty things, little Jennie's mamma read the following:—

"Merry Christmas is here; beigho, I'm glad!
Who could be fretful, or gloomy, or sad,
When presents so plenty adorn the green tree,
And fill all the branches as full as can be?"

"Though Santa refuses to show us his face,
We'll take what he sends us and think of the day
That he spent in his palace of glittering ice,
Making up for our pleasure these tokens so nice."

"We know he has chosen the very best toys
For our dear little Jennie; alas! for the boys—
There are none of them here, the more is the pity;
Her joy she must share with good Bonny and Kitty."

"We grow folks must make up our mouths
For a bite,
But remember, this year all the purses were light,
And make up the lack in our glad jollity."

I have not yet told you much about Uncle Wallace, Aunt Jennie's husband; but he was just the best man in the world to get up a good time for the children, and for the grown folks, too, for that matter. You can imagine something about him, perhaps, when I tell you that these are the verses he made:—

"All ye saints, preserve us and pickle us,
I must find a rhyme to St. Nicholas
Who is coming to-day—
At least, so they say—
And will bring along something to tickle us."

"After all, it is very ridiculous
To put any hope in St. Nicholas;
He's a little old saint,
Sometimes kind—sometimes ain't,
And as likely to pinch as to tickle us."

"Still, perhaps, if we'll not be notional,
And if to the saint we're devout,
He may hear to our prayer,
And do what is fair."

And fill us with joy that's emotional.
Some present, we beg, then, for all,
Adapted to age and condition;
Don't leave out the great or the small,
But remember each one is thy mission."

"Now, Wallace, that's just like you," said his little wife, as she gave him a hearty kiss.

"Just like me, is it, wife? Now read yours, and we'll see if there's the same resemblance."

Aunt Jennie said, "Oh, no!" But she was obliged to yield to the wishes of her friends, and produced her contribution. Here it is:—

"Christmas is coming! how gay it will be,
The long strings of pop-corn all over the tree;
The branches all hanging as full as can be
With presents of nice things for you and for me."

"I'll hang on a package for bright little Jennie—
I think a new doll, in a pretty blue dress—
With rings in her ears and a brooch at her breast,
Oh, dear me! how much I do wish she was dressed!"

"I think for myself I should like a new skirt,
But then, maybe, sometimes I'd get it all dirt;
No matter; by giving a brush and a flirt
I would answer quite well for a lady so pert."

This is the first time I have made pos-tree, and I think that most likely the last it will be."

"Why, Auntie, that sounds just like you," said little Jennie. "I would have guessed that you wrote it, if I hadn't known anything about it."

Next and last came these verses of grandpa's:—

"The Babe of Bethlehem,
God's precious gift to men!

The shepherds, guided by the eastern star,
First found the manger where the Infant lay;
The way not yet made plain
Which led to heaven,
Nor did they understand
What God had given—
The mystery so grand!

"But now we've learned the way, it is but this,
To love the Giver and accept the Gift.
Heaven finishes the boon, and when
Our joyful meetings here are past,
Let us be ready to accept the last."

Grandpa's verses seemed an appropriate ending for the evening that had passed so delightfully. The last gift bestowed on any one was a handsome gold-headed cane which grandpa received as a joint present from all his children.

I had almost forgotten to mention that the Hunters were not selfish in their joy. They remembered the poor around them, and more than one family were the recipients of food and clothing which helped to bring them cheer and comfort.

And now you know "how they spent Christmas." If any of the readers of the HERALD know a better way, please write and tell us about it.

1878.

BY N. W. JORDAN.

Sigh, ye winds, mournfully,
Blow dark and drear,
Soon will it die for aye,
Good-by, old year!

Slowly the sun now sinks
Down to his rest,
Fades now thy light in the
Darkening west.

Sadly, with dimmed eyes, we
Say an adieu,
Tears for the old year, but
Hope for the new.

Our Boys and Girls.

AN OLD CURMUDGEON'S NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

He lived in an old house all by himself, and earned his living by mending boots and shoes. His eyes were sharp and shrewd, and he had scowled so much that his forehead was a mass of wrinkles. All the children in the neighborhood called him "Old Curmudgeon," or "Old Mudge," for short, and they delighted to play tricks on him to pay him for being so cross to them.

Not far from "Old Mudge" lived a German tailor with his little six-year-old Gretchen. They, too, lived all alone, for the good mother was dead, and the father was very poor.

One day, when Gretchen's papa was out, her pet kitten ran away, and she looked it down the street. The little frolicsome animal, not willing to be caught, ran off into the shoe-maker's shop, and after him ran Gretchen. She was frightened for a moment when she found where she was; then she was glad, for poor old Mudge was very sick with a fever, and there was nobody near to go for the doctor, or do the least thing for him.

"Your face is all hot," said the little thing, going up to the bed. "I put water on me, father's face, so," and Gretchen dipped her fat hand in a dish of water, and bathed the old man's forehead. Poor Mudge drew a long breath as he felt the cool moisture.

"What makes you scowl so?" asked the child. "Mein father's forehead is all smooth and white."

"I'm not scowling," said Curmudgeon.

"Then you did some time, and it grew in," said Gretchen. "Now I'm going to make you some porridge, just as I do for fatherchen, and then you'll kiss me, won't you? Fatherchen will always kiss me to kiss me."

The porridge was made wonderfully well by the little housekeeper, and then, strange to tell, old Mudge actually kissed the rosy lips that were put up to his. Then Gretchen ran home to tell her father all about it, and ask him to go for a doctor.

"Fatherchen!" she called, as she bounded into the house. "Fatherchen!" But she had no father. That very hour he had been trampled under the feet of a pair of runaway horses that he tried to check, and Gretchen never saw him again. Only his dead body was brought to her for a little while, before it was hidden away in the grave.

What would become of poor baby Gretchen? Old Curmudgeon knew. He was better after his little neighbor left him. Her kiss had done him good—a world of good; it sank into his soul, and awoke there a new life. When the little one went to him, to tell him about the dead "fatherchen," she found him sitting by a bright fire, looking very comfortable.

"Would you take up with an old curmudgeon for a father?" asked the shoe-maker, straightening out his forehead as well as he could.

"I suppose you wouldn't be that if I lived with you," said Gretchen, coming up close to him.

"Not if you kissed me often enough," said the old man, with a tear in each eye. "You see I had a little daughter once like you, and a boy, too, and they died, and I've been alone a great many years."

"I guess it makes folks 'mudgeons to be alone and have nobody to kiss," said the child.

"But it won't be so any longer," said the shoe-maker.

So they settled it, and the next day was New Year's. And a new year it was, indeed, to the shoe-maker, who was no longer "Old Mudge," but a true father to Gretchen, and a friend to all little folks for her sake.

OPPORTUNITY.

BY G. E. O.

Far from our boat upon the stream,
Dance sunbeams on the waters glowing;
But by our side no ripples gleam,
And dull to us the gentle flowing.

The sun at morn is dressed in gold,
And fair his robe at eve's declining;
But at the noon his brightest fold
Has lost its tints and rainbow lining.

O angel, bright thy wings illumine,
When thou art passed, or far before us;
But dull to mortal eyes thy plume,
When hovering with thy blessing o'er us.

Thy year now rising o'er our way
In hues of hope and dew-drops glowing,
Too soon will fade to common day,
And we be heedless of its going.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS.

Such a queer place!
It was neither a house nor a school-house.
It was high and dark, and like a cavern.
On one side a plain wall went up into the dark somewhere overhead.
On the other stood a row of great wooden pipes, with black mouths, all in a line, like the mouths of dragons, with teeth and great ears at the sides.

Close to the row of black-mouthed pipes stood Tommy, the bellows boy. He was ten or eleven in the morning, and he was dragging the wooden handle up and down as fast as his little hands could move.

Poor Tommy! It was a sorry Christmas for him. At the long rehearsal, the night before, his arms and body had ached so that when he went to bed he could hardly sleep, and to-day there is a great deal of music. He would like to cry and lie down, but his little place of white lead before him that shows whether there is wind enough in the organ, keeps dancing up and down, and he must blow and blow, or the music will stop. Still they keep on singing about good-will to men, and Tommy sits away at the heavy bellows.

There! The choir have stopped. Now there will be a little rest while the minister prays. The tired boy sank down upon the floor, with his head resting on one of the dragon's ears upon the side of the huge organ, and fell fast asleep.

Suddenly there was a little knock on the wall. Tommy's head sank lower, and his poor little blistered hands fell listless on the floor.

Another louder knock. Tommy paid no heed, and the knocking increased. Then it was quiet for a moment, and a man's step was heard on the creaking floor! Then Tommy received a cruel blow on the head, and woke up to find the organist standing over him again.

"Take hold of the lever and blow for your life, or I'll—"

"You'll what?" said a sweet voice behind him.

Tommy looked up and saw the soprano singer beside the organist. Tommy gazed upon the grand lady in her elegant suit, and thought that somehow one of the angels had stepped down from the golden windows.

"For shame!" said she, "to strike the poor little fellow, he was tired, and so wonder. Think how you have used the organ last night and to-day."

"But the voluntary. It must go on. The prayer is over. What shall I do? Get up, hurry! It's no time now to rest!"

"I was tired, ma'am, and it's Christmas day, and—"

Here he began to drag up the heavy handle, and the music broke out in a fierce roar—and then died away with a groan and a squeak—and that was all Tommy knew about it. He felt himself held in something soft and warm. He opened his eyes and the face of the beautiful lady was close to his. She was holding him in her arms. He felt the soft silk next his face. He was so tired, and it was so nice and warm that he shut his eyes. What was he to do? Was he to come to heaven? Was this one of the angels his mother spoke about when she went away? Perhaps it was his real mother. He opened his eyes. No. There was the organ. The great pipes were blooming beside him, and oh, how queer! The tenor man, with his white gloves, was blowing the organ.

"Do you feel better, my child?" whispered the lady.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And were you sick?"

"No, ma'am. I was so tired. There was a 'heated' last night, and it's Christmas, and I always have lots of music, and I fell asleep. I was very tired."

"Poor child! Don't they give you a seat?"

"No, ma'am. I always stands, and—"

"Look, my child, the grand gentleman at the bellows, 'your part comes next.'"

"Yes, I see. Never mind; I will sit and sing here. They will never know the difference. Say, little boy, do you feel comfortable?"

Tommy smiled and said, "Yes, it's very pleasant. But you will be tired?"

"Never mind that. What is your name?"

"Tommy."

"Where does your mother live, Tommy?"

"I haven't any real mother, you know."

"Your real mother is"—Here she began to stomp, so sweet and loud, close to his ear,—

"And she shall reign forever and ever."

Tommy nodded his head and shut his eyes.

The tenor man at the bellows sang,—

"And he shall reign forever and ever."

Then they both sang, and Tommy listened still with his eyes closed.

Tommy opened his eyes and smiled, and the lady smiled and sang,—

"And he shall give rest unto your souls."

Then he heard the organ again.

"Oh, that was beautiful!"

"Did you like it, Tommy?" Again she took up the strain:—

"And he shall speak peace, peace unto your souls."

Tommy thought he was in heaven, or that earth must somehow have changed into a paradise this glorious Christmas morn.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden."

The lady was singing differently now, in a voice as low as the mellowed notes of the organ, and with exquisite tenderness.

"Bravo!" said the tenor man.

The lady smiled and said: "I'm singing to Tommy now. If the people hear, too, it is all right; but I'm only singing for Tommy."

The boy's whole face lighted with pleasure, and the tenor man laughed, and the beautiful lady smiled and sang: "And he shall speak peace, peace unto your souls;" and then continued in a long, glad strain that seemed full of rejoicing.

Presently she stopped, and Tommy said, "That was good!" Then he seemed to think about something, and the beautiful lady appeared to know all about it, for she asked:—

"Would you like to sing, Tommy?"

"Yes, ma'am. Only—only—I have to blow—and—no—I'd rather—"

"Rather what?"

"I'd rather play," said the tenor man.

"Play with some things?"

"No, sir. Play the organ. I mean to—"

"So you'd like to play the organ, Tommy?"

"Yes, ma'am. Truly?"

"Really and truly," said he, trying to rise.

"Be quiet, Tommy. Lie still. I cannot sing if you—"

Her voice mounted up in song again, growing softer in measured cadences:—

"And he shall speak peace, peace unto your souls."

Peace! Lower and more plaintive grew the notes of the organ. They died away in silence. Then followed the benediction.

"And now may grace, mercy and peace be with you forever."

There was a rustle—more music—the people were going out.

"Merey and peace—forever," said the lady, softly. Tommy felt himself lifted and placed upon his feet. An ungloved hand was placed within his own. Down the stairs he passed. Out into the frosty Christmas air he was led, to the home of his new-found friend. And there he found both shelter and love—a foretaste of the higher and happier home on high.—Selected.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

A hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place; as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land." Is. xlii. 1.

In the shadow of the Rock
Let me rest
When I feel the tempest's shock
Thril my breast;
All in vain the storm shall sweep,
While I hide,
And my tranquil station keep
By thy side.

On the parched and desert way
Where I tread,
With the soothing noon-tide ray
O'er my head,
Let me feel the welcome shade,
Cool and still,
And my weary steps be stayed
While I will.

I in peace will rest me there
When I need,
That the skies again are fair
Over me;
That the burning heats are past,
Bids the traveler at last
Go his way.

Then my pilgrim path I'll take,
And on my way
I'll onward journey make,
As before;
And with joyous heart and strong
And the spirit full of glow,
Unto Thee, O Rock, a song
Glad with praise!

—Sunday Afternoon for January.

The Little Folks.

THANKFUL.

Out of doors the sun was shining.
The December days had come,
While the maple leaves were falling,
And the singing birds were dumb.
But within, the heart was heavy,
And the spirit full of gloom.
When a voice spoke in the doorway,
"I am thankful, if you please."

Bright black eyes and shining forehead,
Rosy cheeks and clustering hair,
Thin, and pinched, and faded garments,
Little red lips, cold and bare,
And the red lips smiled a greeting,
Opening forth a gleam of cheer.
"I am thankful, if you please,"
Was the answer to her cheer.

"Ah! my child," I said in answer,
Thinking how the sunny room
Gave no hint to outward presence
Of my bitterness and gloom.
You are poor, and old, and needy;
Is it true, as you have said,
That you're always thankful, darling?"
And I stroked the curly head.

"Yes, ma'am, was the ready answer,
As the black eyes opened wide,
"Mamma says God knows about it,"
And she smiled and nodded pride.
He remembers us, and some time
We'll be rich and warm like you;
Mamma reads so in the Bible,
So, of course, it must be true."

O my little Thankful, Hallow,
Your sweet faith and timid word
Touched a heart whose hard defiance
Nothing else had ever stirred.
And the spirit full of gladness
I will thank you, like you,
For the Father loves His children,
And His promises are true." —S. S. Times.

A TALK ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

BY ELKANAH S. DEANE.

It was after tea on the evening after Christmas, and Mrs. Eaden and the young people were sitting by the fire in the sitting-room at Riverside. The room was beautifully decorated with evergreen, and the whole house had a delightful odor of the woods.

"Now," said Frank, "I should like to know who first got up the idea of trimming up for Christmas?" ("Who got it up?" was a frequent question with Frank.)

"And has the day been celebrated every year since Christ was born?" asked Kate.

"And have they always made presents?" asked two of the little girls.

Mamma said she couldn't answer so many questions at once, but replied to Kate that it was more than a hundred years after the Saviour's birth before there was any general observance of the day, and that it was several hundred years before Christian people settled upon the day we now keep, because nobody could find out just at

what time that great event took place; nor did it seem likely ever to be known for a certainty.

Then to Emma she said, "I do not know when people began to make Christmas presents, but from numerous traditions it must be a very old custom. What do you suppose made any one think of it?"

"Was it because God gave His best gift to the world when He sent His Son?"

"Yes, darling. I think it must have begun in the thankful hearts of pious people as they thought of God's goodness; and I dare say the first Christmas presents made were necessary goods bestowed on the poor, that they might be especially joyful on that day."

"What did people do to celebrate Christmas in those first ages? Were there any things like ours?"

"Men and women and children are very much alike in the different ages. At first they celebrated the day by acts of worship, as many of the best people do now; and because tradition said that our Lord was born at midnight, the first services commenced at that hour, and were repeated two or three times before noon. Then there were gay spectacles in the streets, and feasts and merriment in the houses, and there were dramas enacted in the temples and other public places, in which the scenery represented a stable where the cattle had fallen on their knees as if in adoration, and persons were dressed to represent Mary and Joseph, and the child Jesus, the shepherds and the wise men who brought their gifts of gold and costly treasures from the East."

"I should like to have seen it all," said Frank. "I suppose the boys walked at midnight and went into the streets as they do now the night before the Fourth of July, and maybe they had torch-light processions."

"Yes, I've no doubt of it, and I suppose they carried bouquets of evergreen and wore garlands of ivy, and made those grand old cathedrals look 'beautiful exceedingly.' I, too, should like to have seen it."

"That brings us to the question about the decoration, mother."

"So it does. I have heard that in Britain, and France, and other countries where the religion was that of the Druids, that the people kept up the old Druidical practice of ornamenting their houses and places of worship when they began to celebrate the Christmas festival; for though they probably no longer attached any sacredness, as the Druids did, to the mistletoe and ivy and other plants, yet long habit had associated them with the joy of festive occasions."

"But Fannie and I know nothing at all about the Druids, mama," said Emma.

"Katie and Frank have lately been reading of them," said Mrs. Eaden. "Who were the Druids, Katie?"

"Who were the Druids, mama, ask about them that I can tell—only that they were priests and rulers, too, and practiced magic and pretended to foretell events, and lived in groves of oak, and offered sacrifices on altars under oak trees, and they sometimes offered human beings in sacrifice."

"They were not altogether such bad fellows, either," said Frank, "for they made good laws and understood justice; besides, they had some jolly songs and great holidays."

"Oh, yes; which they celebrated in those odd-looking temples. You've seen a picture of Stonehenge in an old geography, Emma. That was a temple of the Druids, but fallen to ruin. Mr. Nelson showed us girls a picture of the temple as the painter supposed it might have looked, while it was perfect, on one of the great festival days, with crowds of gaily-dressed people thronging to the entrances."

"What I most disliked were those horrible female Druids who painted their bodies and lived in wild, rocky, savage places, and uttered frantic cries, and made furious gestures, pretending in those ways to learn the secrets of futurity. They were frightful creatures. Think of their howling through the night and terrifying belated travelers."

"For two or three centuries," said Mrs. Eaden, "the inhabitants of Great Britain believed in, and were mostly governed by, the Druids. No doubt they taught some truth. They professed to believe in one supreme God, though they offered sacrifices to inferior deities and demons. Then they abused their power, and the faith in them gave way before other teachings; and though the people still cherished many fanciful beliefs and many fearful and foolish superstitions, they accepted the Christian religion quite early in the centuries."

"I like to hear about those old beliefs."

"Emma would have liked those times, because there was so much fairy lore, though I fancy it is pleasant to hear about them to believe in."

"I do dearly like to hear about it. Were there any Christmas fables?"

They thought no spiteful fairy or bad spirit had any power to work at that 'sweet time,' when, as Shakespeare said, 'the nights are wholesome.'"

"But then they had a fancy," went on mama, that the gentle wood nymphs took refuge, when winter came on, among the leaves of the mistletoe, holly and other evergreens, and remained unharmed by frosts and wintry storms. And so they liked to bring branches of these plants into their houses and deck the walls with them, thinking of the fables that invisibly sported among them."

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Emma. "Do, mama, tell us about the winter fables in the house."

"Some time, perhaps; but at this

Christmas time, may be you will like something different."

"Yes," said Frank, "I like something more home like reality."

So did Kate; and Fannie said she liked to hear about girls and boys, and fathers and mothers.

[To be continued.]

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

"Somebody called in my absence. Did he leave his name?" "Oh, yes, sir; he said it was immaterial."

.... Some one asked Snodgrass if he had ever seen a candle run. "No," said our friend, "but I have seen a walking match."

.... "If there's no moonlight will you meet me by gaslight, please, Julia?" "No, Augustus, I won't; I'm no gas meter."

.... "I'd like to climb that mountain," said a traveler. "I hear it is full of copper." "Fahaw!" answered a resident. "It isn't worth ascent."

AN EPIGRAPH.

Here lies Thomas Huddellstone. Reader, don't be red at this tombstone you view. That death who called him in a very short while Will huddle a stone upon you.

.... A wife, having lost her husband, was inconsolable for his death. "Leave me to my grief," she cried, sobbing; "I cannot stand the extreme sensibility of my nerves; a mere nothing upsets them."

.... An honest ignoramus, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said, "I wish I could have seen your feat." "I wish I could have seen your face," replied the hero, "for I saw it in the newspaper, and finally, pointing to his pedicled trousers, said, 'Well, there they be, mum.'"

.... A wealthy but illiterate man, who was advised by his architect to build his suburban house in the Tudor style, replied: "I don't want two doors. One door will do for me. My family is small, and there'll be less to look up."

.... An author having quoted 1 Chron. 14: 15, in his manuscript, his publisher wrote to him in this wise: "We have been obliged to correct your manuscript. Did you ever hear of a pedulum in a going? We have looked through all our dictionaries, and can find nothing of it. We have printed the word as 'a going.' The mistletoe-tree, and that must have been what you meant."

.... "Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "No," replied the scholar, "but you can hear a sound." "John Wilson," retorted the schoolmaster, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing...."

.... In Berkshire County, according to the custom fifty years since, the clergyman of the town, on Christmas Eve, visited the public schools in the catechism, asked, "Into what state did mankind fall by the sin of Adam?" and received this reply from the scholar, "Into the state of Massachusetts."

.... A young lady called at one of our music stores the other day and asked for "something about Mrs. Vandine's Blues." She asked her if it made any difference how many sharps there were in the piece. "Oh, no," she replied, "not in the least, for if there are more than two I always scratch them out with my penknife."

.... (Master Charlie and his family are spending a few days at the house of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Vandine. The mother, Mrs. V., said, "Well, Charlie boy, why are you looking so hard at that picture?" Charlie, who was looking at a picture of a man, said, "That's the man who was in the story the boy interrupted." And, mama, did she spit the skins out, too?"

Gems of Religious Thought.

.... An eccentric minister, stepping one day into the shop of one of his parishioners, asked abruptly, without even waiting for a salutation, "Did you expect me?" "No," was the reply. "What if I had been dead?" he asked; and, adding up, was gone as suddenly as he came in.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag weary?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounds'll round thee moan;
Layish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Mrs. Charles.

.... Short as life is, it is the seed-time for eternity. Whosoever a man sows here, he shall be reaping to all eternity. If he sows to the wind, he shall reap the whirlwind. If he sows to the flesh, he shall reap corruption. If he sows in righteousness, he shall reap life everlasting. This life is the day of grace, the season of mercy, when God sends His Spirit to dwell in the heart, and to abide there, and to be a witness to the soul, and to be a witness to the world, and to be a witness to the angels, and to be a witness to the Father.

NOT MY WILL.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Some wonderful thing to know;
I would be guided as a child,
And led whither I go.

I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to bend with outward life,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

.... A minister of the Church of England, on rising in the pulpit on Sunday morning to preach, discovered that he had forgotten his manuscript, upon which he made use of the following bon mot:—

"Man was born into the world poor, naked and bare;
And his progress all through it is trouble and care;
And his exit from out it is no one knows where;
But if he'll do here, 'twill be well with him here;
And no more could I tell you by preaching a year."

.... True faith is the soul's outward, not its inward, look. The object on which it fixes its eye, is not the heart's ever-varying frames and feelings, but the never-varying Christ. If you would be sure of your ground at night, you do not look down to the ground at your feet, but away to the light in the window; and you clearly the way to your home.—Balfie.

WATCH AND PRAY.

So hath Christ left us, with the sacred charge,
"Watch, watch, and pray!"
In life's great garden we can roam at large,
Not lie at ease, but work while it is day.
Yes! we must watch, and while we watch,
Must pray,
And we, too, too, fall;
Temptations hover strangely o'er our way,
And save from danger those that on Him call.

When next Christ comes, in all His glorious power,
Let Him not say,
"What! could ye not watch with Me one hour?"
Perchance this day
May witness that return! Then "watch and pray,"
—Churchman.

Address enclosing a 3 cents stamp for return postage on Chrome, F. GLEASON, 19 Essex St., Boston, Mass.

CALENDAR FOR 1879.

79	79
Jan. 1	1
Feb. 1	2
Mar. 1	3
Apr. 1	4
May 1	5
June 1	6
July 1	7
Aug. 1	8
Sept. 1	9
Oct. 1	10
Nov. 1	11
Dec. 1	12

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, December 24.

The summer statue in the Public Garden in this city was unveiled yesterday. Gov. Rice making the speech.

The investigation into the Southern elections cannot be entered upon until Congress shall make a specific appropriation, to cover the expense.

The New England Society of New York celebrated Forefathers' Day yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the 73d annual dinner took place. Secretaries Evans and Sherman, Gen. Sherman, Senator Blaine and Gov. Van Buren made addresses. The day was also appropriately celebrated in this city by the Congregational Club, and addresses given by Gov. Rice and others.

The reported conversion of Jehiahah by the English forces is confirmed. Yahoo Khan has been proclaimed ruler of Afghanistan since the flight of Sher Ali.

Wednesday, December 25.

A remarkable snow storm has prevailed in the western part of New York State since Saturday. In Buffalo an average level of 37 inches is reported.

A fire at Wilmington, N. C., destroyed two steamers, twelve buildings, five horses, and other property, valued at \$70,000, yesterday.

Mr. Hewitt thinks Secretary Sherman is disposed to run his department economically, but criticizes him adversely for not saving to the government one million dollars' interest money on funds deposited in a New York National bank.

Judge Thomas L. Nelson, of Worcester, is to be appointed to the vacant District Judgeship in Massachusetts.

Thursday, December 26.

The severe storm in New York still rages. At Watertown the snow is four feet deep, and railway trains in every direction are snow-bound. The ice is a foot thick in the Mississippi river.

Forty-eight children were drowned at Cape Cod, yesterday, by the breaking of ice on a pond.

Admiral H. K. Hoff, U. S. N., died in Washington, yesterday, at the age of 69.

The difficulties between Turkey and Austria relative to the occupation of Novi-Bazar and Bosnia will soon be settled by a convention.

Friday, December 27.

Terrible reports come from Northern Brazil, where the people are dying at the rate of 600 per day, by reason of pestilence and famine.

The repair shops of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, with two locomotives, tools and machinery, were burned at Middletown, N. Y., last night.

Bierhoff & Livingston, dry goods dealers of New York, have suspended; liabilities, \$125,000.

Saturday, December 28.

A New York bank messenger yesterday lost a money package, containing certificates, etc., valued at \$200,000.

A Mexican town was captured recently by soldiers of the clerical party, who were, however, soon defeated, and eighty of them hanged.

Comptroller Taylor has decided that he can legally pay the Teller committee \$20,000 to carry on the investigation asked for by Mr. Blaine.

The steamship Emily B. Sonder, which left New York for San Domingo on the 8th ult., foundered at sea when two days out, and two of those on board, out of thirty-eight, are known to have been saved.

Mr. Schmitt, a wealthy citizen of Bolton Hill, near Norfolk, Conn., was murdered last night, it is supposed by tramps.

Monday, December 30.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine at Upper Prankness, N. Y., caused the death of three men, on Saturday morning.

The Emerson Piano-forte Company's manufacturing in this city was burned Saturday night, loss \$75,000. One of the buildings of the Cochecho Print Works at Dover, N. H., was burned early Saturday morning; loss \$100,000.

Ex-Governor Oliver Starnes, of New Hampshire, died in Concord last evening.

VERMONT.

Brother E. L. Walker is happy, in a good work at Pawlet; and at Wells, Brother D. Rose has been holding extra meetings with good results.

The Washington County Sunday-school gathered at Berlin was split and successful. Deacon J. A. Perrin, of Berlin, was called president of the Association, and Brother C. H. Farnsworth, of Montpelier, superintendent of Trinity M. E. Sunday-school, secretary.

The many friends of Brother C. H. Sweet, of Weston, made him a handsome donation a few days ago, and a like handsome thing was done for Brother C. M. Ward, of St. Albans Bay, recently.

Hon. George R. Wendling, of Chicago, has delivered his celebrated lecture, "A Reply to Ingersoll (from a Southern Stand-point)" to overflowing and delighted audiences in St. Johnsbury and St. Albans. It ought to be heard in every town in the country.

A series of meetings have been in progress at Morrisville (Brother J. B. Hale, pastor). A Brother Lovejoy from the West, who was pastor on that charge thirty-five years ago, has been assisting Brother Hale.

Brother D. Lewis, of Lardwick, held a four days' meeting recently. He was assisted by Presiding Elder Malcom, Bros. A. M. Wheeler, George Burnham, S. S. Brigham, and O. S. Basford.

The sudden death of Mrs. Granger, wife of Rev. P. N. Granger, Presiding Elder of the St. Albans district, which occurred from an attack of apoplexy on Tuesday, was a sad shock to her friends. Although complaining the previous night of indisposition,

she was about the house the day of her death. The deceased was a native of Woodstock. Her maiden name was Sophia Richmond. She was daughter of the venerable Loring and mother are still living. She was mother of six children, five of whom, all adults, survive. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Spencer, who was assisted by Revs. Mr. Scribner, O. Boutwell, and H. A. Bunnell. The other clergy present included Revs. A. L. Cooper, R. Morgan, C. Wedgworth, W. B. Howard, W. H. Hyde, and others. A large number of friends attended the services, which were solemn and impressive.

Miss Knowles, who was at Swanton, recently, has commenced a series of meetings at Johnson. Brother O. S. Basford is pastor. He is enjoying his freedom from secular engagements. H. A. S.

Rev. D. Willis, of Corinth, commenced a series of meetings, Dec. 24, assisted by Presiding Elder C. Taber.

Mr. Charles W. Stowell, who has been supplying the West Concord Church since Rev. Mr. Kelley left, was surprised not long since by a gathering of friends who left with him a due overcoat.

The congregation at Woodstock has been doubled under Rev. T. P. Frost's ministrations.

Rev. C. P. Flinders has having most excellent success at Barnard, where he was sent in 1867.

Presiding Elder Beeman administered the Sacrament and preached a deeply-impressive sermon on "Prayer" at North Tisbury, on the evening of Dec. 8. He was at Fairlee on the morning of the same day.

The Church at Coventry, which was dedicated recently, is a neat edifice, with a seating capacity of some two hundred and fifty. Chestnut chairs, screwed to the floor, are used in the audience-room instead of the usual pews. The vestry will not be completed just now.

The first class at West Bradford was formed in 1831 or 1832 by Rev. W. D. Case, who was then stationed at Bradford village. Some ten years later a church building was erected, and Rev. E. B. Fletcher was appointed pastor, the society becoming a separate charge. A few years later a parsonage was built. The present membership is reported fifty-four. A. B. H.

RHODE ISLAND.
That Methodism has not grown so fast in Providence as its friends might wish, is certainly true; that it has grown faster than its friends even are aware, and that its growth has kept pace with other externalities, is also true. At the annual quarterly conference, held at the Chestnut Street Church, December 23, a paper was presented, giving a comparative view of the denomination in 1868 and 1878. While the increase has been substantial and encouraging in benevolent money, ministerial support, and church property, and while there has been a fair enlargement of Sunday-school work, the gratifying point, and one which took the meeting by surprise, was the increase of church membership from 1,800 to 2,300. How many New England cities can show a higher per cent. of increase of Methodism or any other denomination?

Fairs and Christmas festivals have been the order lately in Providence. Without disparagement to the other societies, it is disconcerting to record that our Hope Street brethren realized \$900 of clear profit from their fair, and that the Christmas festival at Trinity was the best ever held. The decorations of the church were beautiful, useful, and chaste, and can only be described by one word, which is, "perfect."

Brother Jones begins a series of meetings at Broadway, the first week in January. He is to have for a helper, Orville Gardner, whose conversion in New York, some years ago, created quite a stir in religious circles.

CONNECTICUT.
The spiritual outlook on Norwich district is very encouraging, and revivals are in progress at several points. J. MATHER.

LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.
This "City of Brotherly Love" is usually very quiet. Once in awhile, however, we have here, as in other places, something exciting. Such was the abduction of little Charlie Rose, four years or more ago. The family are still very sensitive to the wound inflicted upon their hearts. The community never hears the case mentioned without an involuntary shudder.

We have other causes of excitement and interest than the sad tragedy referred to. In the social and religious circles of society we find them every now and then. The past two weeks have been marked by more than ordinary interest in the Churches and the preachers' meeting. In the latter, two weeks ago, a delegation from Wilmington presented the financial condition of the Wesleyan Female College in that city. It is heavily embarrassed, and needs assistance—must have it, or be crippled in its operations. It is sad to see an institution with such a history—so ably manned and so imperatively needed as it is in this region—running behind, and losing influence for want of means to sustain it; that, too, when we have rich men in the Church, who by a single stroke of the pen, comparatively, could remove the embarrassment, honor themselves, and glorify God who has given them so much, by benefiting their poorer fellow-men.

We had rather a novel feature in the meeting. It was a free musical entertainment. The Buell family of vocalists were there by invitation, as they had been once before. The preachers were gratified, of course. It aided in driving the dull care of blue Monday away; and, as it was religious music, it became a means of grace. As Mr. B. is singing for the Church, in the promotion of Sabbath-school work, or some line of benevolent enterprise, it was a good advertisement for him. His terms are one-half the net proceeds for the Church or Sunday-school, which is generous.

Another feature of interest in the preachers' meeting, is a sermon once a month delivered before the body. Rev. Dr. Stubbs preached the first sermon under this order, last month (Nov.), giving us an able and interesting discourse on the work of the ministry and the manner of its performance. This

month, Rev. Dr. Todd preached, in his usually interesting manner, a sermon that was highly appreciated. In the intervening weeks we have had lectures of travels, sight-seeing and experiences from brethren who have spent their summer vacations abroad. Some of them have been highly entertaining, as well as instructive.

Drew Theological Seminary has been presented to Philadelphia Methodism, though in a quiet way. When Mr. Drew, the original founder, failed, the land and the buildings were there, it is true, and they had been left free and unencumbered; but the professors could not live on these, nor could the bills of the students be paid by them.

The salaries of the former, and the aid rendered to the latter, were all cut off; and this was right in the midst of the year. What was to be done? With a noble, self-sacrificing devotion to the interests confided to them, the faculty said, "We will forego our salaries; will live on what we can get, and go to work and secure this loss, or rather, make it up from new sources." They have not been at work ever since, and not without encouragement. Nearly or quite two hundred thousand dollars have been secured in good, reliable subscriptions or donations, and they feel greatly encouraged.

They deserve success for their persevering devotion. Drs. Hurst and Butts are somewhere every Sabbath presenting their cause, and back again on Monday in their chairs performing their duties. They filled up the summer vacation with this kind of work, taking no recreation and no rest, except what was absolutely required by nature. They have been in Philadelphia and succeeded here. Several thousand dollars have been added to the endowment fund in this city; but we cannot name the parties nor the exact amount. In due time it will be shown.

Some of the Churches are having prosperity, although there is no general revival interest experienced. The auditorium of Messiah Church, Moyamensing Avenue and Morris Street (Rev. J. C. Gregg), has recently been completed, and is now occupied by the congregation. Bishop Simpson, assisted by other brethren, performed the dedicatory services, and succeeded in raising the whole amount necessary to pay the floating debt of the property.

Memorial Church (Rev. T. A. Fernley, pastor) has been hard at work to save sinners for some time. On one Sabbath recently thirty-five were baptized before ten o'clock p. m. Grace Church (Rev. J. Morrow, pastor) has had some forty professed conversions. Sixteenth Street rejoices in the advancement of the work, some forty having turned to the Saviour. All the brethren are laboring diligently and faithfully in their several charges, some of them under most discouraging circumstances.

Recently a meeting was held in Association Hall, in behalf of Lincoln University, located at Oxford, in this State. The general topic of discussion was the negro problem; it was presented under four heads by as many graduates of the university: "The Crude Material," by Mr. S. P. Hood, of Pa.; "The Mission of the North to the Freedmen (of the South)," by Rev. W. H. Brooks, of Va.; "The Black Man in the South," by Rev. J. A. Chesfield, of N. C.; "Why Educate the Negro?" by Rev. W. D. Johnson, of Ga. They were generally noble specimens of manhood, physically and intellectually, and would rank with an equal number of men taken from almost any other class in society.

The Spring Garden Street Church, and the Methodist community in general, have been called to mourn the departure of Mrs. T. W. Price to her heavenly home. She was a devoted, worthy Christian lady, a prominent actor in all the benevolent enterprises of the Church, and her absence will be felt by all. She has left an unblemished record as a legacy to her family, and a bright example for all to follow. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." W. H. P.

THE ADVANTAGE OF HAVING A MAINE NON-FORFEITURE LAW POLICY IN THE UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—In 1864 and 1865, Captain Charles L. Gardiner of Chelsea, Mass., insured in the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company of Maine, for \$6,000, on two ordinary Life Policies payable at death provided the premiums were paid annually, according to the terms of the contract.

On the 21 day of July, 1877, Captain Gardiner had his policies changed to the form now used by the company, which gives the benefit of the Maine non-forfeiture law.

On the 11th day of September, 1877, he sailed from Boston as master of the good ship "Joeland," on a voyage to Calcutta. The ship and all on board were lost at sea. The premiums due July 27, 1877, and August 3, 1877, were not paid, and by the terms of the original policies, this would have worked a forfeiture of the entire insurance; but under the new policies which had been gratuitously offered by the company, the insurance would have been continued in force more than three years, or until November, 1880, notwithstanding the non-payment of the premiums due in 1877; and the fact of the death being established to the satisfaction of the company, the full amount of the policies was paid on the 29th day of October, 1878.

The well-known and popular seedsmen, Messrs. D. M. FERRY & CO., of Detroit, Mich., are again before our readers with their annual announcement. Their catalogue, which is mailed free, is offered to all of our readers. We would advise them to avail themselves of this offer.

Every day wishes to know how to make Pius Bloom, and it requires some instruction. A little book containing directions on this point, written by Professor Maynard, one of the most practical flower growers in Massachusetts, is just issued by W. H. BOWKER & CO., of Boston, manufacturers of Bowker's Ammoniated Food for flowers. It is sent free to every address. We would suggest to every lady who has plants, to send for a copy.

SUDDEN CHANGES OF THE WEATHER.—OFFICE: Coughs, Bronchitis, and Asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation which induces coughing, oftentimes giving immediate relief. 25c. A BOX.

"Oh, the little beauty! how pretty she did look after nurse had arranged her curls with the beautiful WAX FLOSS Hair dressing. Prepared only by Cassell & Co., of Boston; proprietors of Cassell's & Co.'s SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES, for Coughs, and Cassell's NEW ELIXIR, for the Blood. For sale by all druggists.

Acknowledgments.
More than thirty of the good people of Marshfield assembled at the M. E. parsonage, Wednesday evening, Dec. 11. They brought an abundance of good things, and the long evening was all spent for the ones and pleasant conversation that delighted all its hours. This is the second time that we have received so numerous and valuable gifts from our people, and so many at such passes without some reminder of their kind feelings toward us. May the divine blessing upon the people, both temporally and spiritually!

J. H. ALLEN.
H. M. ALLEN.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESS.
Rev. E. Davies, Evangelist, Reading, Mass.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.
BOSTON DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.
Jan.—Highlandville, 3 a. m.; Newton, 11 1/2 a. m.; Allston, 12 p. m.; Brookline, 12 1/2 p. m.; Hyde Park, 3 p. m.; Woburn, 7 p. m.; South Boston, 8 1/2 p. m.; Chelsea, 9 p. m.; Roxbury, 9 1/2 p. m.; Dorchester, 10 p. m.; Mattapan, 10 1/2 p. m.; East Boston, 11 p. m.; Whitehall, 11 1/2 p. m.; N. E. Bk., 12 p. m.; South End, 12 1/2 p. m.; North End, 1 p. m.; North Brookfield, 3 p. m.; Brookfield, 3 1/2 p. m.; Falmouth, 3 1/2 p. m.; Leicester, 3 1/2 p. m.; Fitchburg, 3 1/2 p. m.; Lowell, 3 1/2 p. m.; Haverhill, 3 1/2 p. m.; Andover, 3 1/2 p. m.; Amesbury, 3 1/2 p. m.; Merrimack, 3 1/2 p. m.; Salem, 3 1/2 p. m.; Lynn, 3 1/2 p. m.; Boston, 3 1/2 p. m.

CLAREMONT DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.
Jan.—4 a. m., and 8 a. m., West Unity; 10 a. m., North Charlestown; 4 p. m., North Acworth; 7 p. m., North Acworth; 8 p. m., North Acworth; 9 p. m., North Acworth; 10 p. m., North Acworth; 11 p. m., North Acworth; 12 p. m., North Acworth; 1 1/2 p. m., North Acworth; 2 p. m., North Acworth; 3 p. m., North Acworth; 4 p. m., North Acworth; 5 p. m., North Acworth; 6 p. m., North Acworth; 7 p. m., North Acworth; 8 p. m., North Acworth; 9 p. m., North Acworth; 10 p. m., North Acworth; 11 p. m., North Acworth; 12 p. m., North Acworth; 1 1/2 p. m., North Acworth; 2 p. m., North Acworth; 3 p. m., North Acworth; 4 p. m., North Acworth; 5 p. m., North Acworth; 6 p. m., North Acworth; 7 p. m., North Acworth; 8 p. m., North Acworth; 9 p. m., North Acworth; 10 p. m., North Acworth; 11 p. m., North Acworth; 12 p. m., North Acworth; 1 1/2 p. m., North Acworth; 2 p. m., North Acworth; 3 p. m., North Acworth; 4 p. m., North Acworth; 5 p. m., North Acworth; 6 p. m., North Acworth; 7 p. m., North Acworth; 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